THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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THE LIGHT OF TO-DAY.

BY E. C. B.

Let us bask in the light of to-day, love,
For to-morrow false fortune may frown;
Let us bask in the light of to-day, love,
For the shadows are just coming down.

Oh, the summer flowers have perished, love,
And shadows hang over the day;
Oh, the dreams we fondly cherished, love,
Are rapidly passing away.

Passing away like morning dreams, love,
That brought a dead friend back for an hour;
Passing away like summer streams, love,
Away, away, like a frail autumn flower.

The blackbird chants when spring is new, love;
The rivers ripple and sing as they run;
The swallows come when skies are blue, love,
To bask in the light of the summer sun.

The dark ways drink each ray of light, love,
That falls from sun, or star, or moon;
So, let us bask in our day of light, love,
For the shadows will come full soon.

PERSECUTED;

—OR—

A BRAVE WOMAN'S TRIALS.

BY DR. CHARLES C. NORTHRUP,

AUTHOR OF "TWICE MARRIED; OR, COMPTON'S REVENGE," ETC., ETC.

"What do you mean?" cried Jennie, in sudden affright. He bent upon her an inquiring look.

CHAPTER I.

BAD NEWS.

The November day broke bleak and wild. It was time for the sun to rise, but no sun appeared. The fog only lifted from the river's banks, and the under edges of the cloud grew a shade lighter—that was all.

It was a cheerless morning of a cheerless week. Early on the last Sunday this weather set in; it was now Thursday, and yet there was no change.

Weary with a night of such sleeplessness and anxiety as seldom comes to any life more than two, or, perhaps, three times between its beginning and its end—as comes to some lives never at all—Jennie Bond left the chamber where her self-imposed vigil had been kept, and passed down the stairs with the irregular, uncertain steps of one who has no particular destination in view, but to whom inactivity has become longer impossible.

The great house was very quiet, but it was a quiet which was not silence. Here and there a servant appeared, walking with extreme care, and looking almost ghostly in the grey light, and from the parlor door, which stood ajar, issued the low murmur of guarded voices. It was a quiet which was not peace. There was a sense of woe in the very aspect of things both animate and inanimate; and even the air seemed impregnated with some harmful property, which made it impossible to breathe naturally or without effort.

Quickening her pace, Jennie Bond came to a side door which communicated with the garden. The large panes of stained glass, of which it was partly composed, were quite covered with moisture. Clearing one of them with her white hands, she pressed her face against it and looked out. Seen thus, the view presented an appearance sufficiently *couleur de rose* to invite nearer inspection, and, opening the door, she ran down the flight of low, marble steps which led to the now deserted garden.

Divested of the artificial tint, which had softened and beautified it, the scene which revealed itself was one of melancholy desolation. Nature in the last stages of decay. And as Jennie stood in the midst of a heap of wet leaves, gazing about her with sorrowful eyes, a sharp gust of wind struck full against her unprotected head and shoulders, chilling her to the bone, driving her for shelter to a fanciful summer house which stood at the other end of the walk.

Here, somewhat sheltered from the weather, she sat down, having the large and handsome house in full view.

She had contemplated it often from the same point, during the few months in which it had given her occupation and rest—the only rest which her lone soul had known for years and years! Indeed, it had been her chief delight to come to this spot when the labors of the day were ended, sit, as she was now sitting, and gaze upon that huge pile of stone and mortar, made elegant by the cunning of man; people it with imaginary forms, adorn it with imaginary beauties, weave round, above and within it a net-work from her own gorgeous fancy, till it seemed an extent and magnificence of proportion as superior to its real appearance as is the fairy fabric of the Alhambra to the rudest and meanest of backwoods huts.

But that was when Nature's book was open to the enchanting miracle of summer, or the majestic poem of the wonderful harvest-days. When graceful green branches caressed the slated roof; when golden hearted roses and luxuriant tropical vines clung about the massive pillars of the broad piazza; when through doors and windows, open wide, floated the notes of some harmony, answering the call of skillful jeweled fingers, or the rarer melody of human voices, to whom happiness was not a myth or in whom even present cares and hurts could not overshadow the blessedness which arose from a trustful leaning upon the promiseful future. All that then. But now——

A large drop of rain fell full upon Jennie's upturned face. She did not mind that, but when another followed, and to a third, succeeded a brisk shower, she was as glad to hasten back to the shelter of the gloomy house as she had been to escape from it.

At the lower end of the hall she ran against a gentleman, who was coming from the opposite direction, with a force which nearly took away her breath.

"What the deuce do you mean?" cried he, sharply. Then seeing who it was. "I beg your pardon, Miss Bond," he said. "I thought it was a servant. Who would ever dream so much strength lay in such ethereality! I'on my soul, lady fair, you gave me a terrible shock!"

"I am sorry, Mr. Thorne," Jennie answered, with some constraint. "I was very careless."

"Oh, dreadfully careless! Pray, where were your eyes? and what made you in such a terrific hurry?"

"I have been in the garden, and it rains."

"In the garden, such a morning as this?" He laid his hand on her arm. "And you are quite wet. Madamoiselle, what can you be thinking of?"

"That is nothing. Have you come from your mother? Is there any change?"

"It is a great deal to me!" he said, significantly, noticing only her first words. "You must come at once and dry yourself. This way." And taking a few steps forward, he opened the second door leading from his left, and stepped aside while she passed into the room beyond.

It was the first cheerful place she had seen this morning. A table, on which was an astral lamp dimly burning, stood in the centre of the apartment; the furniture, of a color like wine, looked warm and inviting; the fender had been newly brightened, the hearth freshly swept, and a bed of coal burned briskly behind the bars of the polished grate.

Coming forward to the grateful warmth: "How is your mother, Mr. Thorne?" again asked Jennie.

"My mother is very ill," he said, placing her a chair. He sighed deeply.

It was very uncommon to hear any thing half so doleful as a sigh from those handsome mustached lips; and Jennie, who had little sympathy, with what she had set down as a shallow superficial nature, incapable of any true feeling, was no less pleased than surprised, by his present emotion, a pleasure which she showed in the softness of her look and voice, as she said:

"We shall have better accounts of her in a day or two, I hope."

"Better? Yes, for her, perhaps, but, good God, it makes me wild to think of it. The dear mother, how loving and patient she has been with me always. An own son could not have asked for more, and she is only a step-mother, you know."

"What do you mean?" cried Jennie, in sudden affright. "Not that there is danger?"

He bent upon her an inquiring look.

"Have you not heard?"

"I have heard nothing since last evening; then she was better, the nurse told me. She is not worse. Mr. Thorne, she is—is not going—to die?"

He set his teeth together.

"Worse," he repeated, sharply. "Yes, she has been failing since midnight. She may live till to-morrow, Dr. Sharp says; not longer than that!"

If she had been pronouncing her own death-warrant it would scarcely have affected the young woman more than this present communication. She neither fainted nor shrieked, but her face instantly grew pallid, an expression of terrified anguish leaped into her large brown eyes, and she sat lacing and interlacing her shapely fingers till the small, pearly nails became colored like purple.

"Till to-morrow!—till to-morrow!" she cried, in a low, distressed tone. "Oh, my friend, only till to-morrow! And then what will become of me?"

"I will take care of you."

She started and turned around. Bert Thorne stood close beside her. The late cloud of grief had quite faded from his fair, blonde face, and in its place shone a look, bland, tender, inviting, yet, withal, strangely repellant to the pure, truthful eyes for which it was assumed.

"My pretty Jennie, I will take care of you!"

"You!" she faltered, in her confusion, not knowing what she said. "You are very kind, but——"

"Kind to myself." And he laid one of his slender, aristocratic hands caressingly upon the lovely head. "Little golden-hair, do you know ——?"

"Bert!" called a deep, ringing voice, the direct opposite of the sweet, voluptuous tones of the late speaker, "your mother is awake, and wishes to speak with you."

"I will go to her at once, uncle," replied the young man, as nonchalantly as though it were the most common thing in life to be surprised making love to a charming girl. "Miss Jennie, adieu for the present." And coolly kissing his hand to her he walked away.

When the sound of his retreating footsteps was no longer heard, his uncle closed the door, and came forward to where Jennie still sat, covered with an embarrassment from which she in vain strove to rally.

"Miss Bond," he said.

With an effort she raised her eyes from the floor to his face, from which, having once caught its expression, she was in no haste to withdraw them.

It was not a young face. The full, wide brow was ploughed, from temple to temple, with more than one of Time's undisguisable furrows, and the thick, black hair was plentifully sprinkled with gray. It was not a handsome face as Bert Thorne's was handsome; it was dark and profusely bearded, with heavy, black brows, almost meeting above a nose more prominent than perfect; and large gray eyes, which gave you the feeling that however successfully you might shuffle and prevaricate with ordinary people, here was one with whom shuffling and prevarication would avail nothing. And yet, in spite of its rugged irregular features, and grave, even severe expression, it was a more than commonly attractive face; for you saw that it was one deserving trust and respect. And what is there in this fickle, unreliable world, one half so beautiful as that object, in whatever form it be cast, which never misleads us—which in all and through all is unhesitatingly true? It was not an "open-book" face. The experience born of chilling years had checked the impetuosity of his nature, and set a guard before that, till the whole had become like a nicely-executed mask—so fine, so perfect, as to baffle all general penetration. Yet under that undemonstrative exterior, smouldered the fires of a faith as broad, and a love as ardent as a little child's, and which needed but the one right hand to fan into brightest flame.

"Miss Bond," said this gentleman, significantly, yet with as much respect as though he were addressing one of the stately ladies of his own exclusive "set," "I hope you are not building a house upon the sand!"

Jennie was not slow to catch his meaning.

"I have read the lesson, sir," she said, quietly; "and I am not likely to forget its application."

Mr. Trevor looked at her with as much curiosity as his perfect good breeding would allow.

"Either experience has been a stern teacher, or you are an apt pupil," he remarked. "You are wise beyond your years."

She bowed slightly, and—was it a sigh, or sneer that curled her delicate lip?

"I hope I have not offended you with my plain speaking, Miss Bond?"

"Oh, no."

"I spoke only for your good," he explained.

"I believe you did," responded Jennie, simply. And there was that in her look and bearing, which convinced Mr. Trevor that her present position was not the one to which she had been born and reared; that, however circumstances had changed with her since, there had been a time when she had moved, no inferior light, among the real aristocracy of the land.

He allowed the conversation to drop then. But when, in obedience to his summons, a servant appeared, bringing in the breakfast:—

"Will you prove your belief by pouring my coffee?" he asked, with his rare smile. "And when we have breakfasted," he added, with returned gravity, "if you please, you shall go up and see my sister."

CHAPTER II.

A LOOK TO THE FUTURE.

The great house at Ashmead still presented its air of mysterious gloom, although the sky had cleared, the river ran relieved of its veil of mist, and the sun shone with undimmed brightness. Indeed it was more than ever gloomy, since certainty is worse than fear; and, in spite of all which philosophy has asserted and will continue to assert to the contrary, one suffers less from the mere apprehension of an evil than from its actual realization.

Mrs. Thorne was dead. The two poor children who had called her mother, were orphans; and Jennie Bond was thrown out from the snug harbor, where she had been so safely moored for the past few months, into the high seas of life; where, from adverse winds—or poverty of stores—or lack of a faithful pilot, so many gallant barques have gone, and are still going down, every day of every year.

It was the second morning succeeding the funeral.

Jennie sat alone, in what had been Mrs. Thorne's favorite sitting-room, sewing upon some mourning garment for one of her little pupils. Her dress was not less sombre than the sable fabric in her hands; her cheek was without color, and the purple rings beneath her lovely eyes, told of long nights of wakefulness, it might be of weeping.

Presently the door opened, and Mr. Trevor came in. Helping himself to a chair near Jennie;—

"Miss Bond," he said, "I have come to inquire your plans for the future."

The abruptness of the speech startled her.

"My plans?" she repeated, vaguely, a faint pink surging into her cheeks.

"Yes. Have you arranged any?"

"No—oh, no! I have—" she hesitated. "I suppose you will think me hardly business-like enough for one who is her own bread-winner," she continued, trying to smile. "But I haven't been able to decide what I shall do yet."

"You have not had time; or perhaps it is that you have not had heart. Would you think me too officious if I were to ask the privilege of helping you to some decision?"

"No," replied Jennie, honestly, "I should be very glad."

"Have you relatives whom you would wish to visit before entering into a new engagement?"

The question agitated her strangely. The needle slipped from her trembling fingers, and the pink in her cheeks flamed into vivid scarlet.

"Relatives?" she echoed, sharply, as though it hurt her to say the word. "No, I have none, I—I have lost them. No," she continued, with increased emphasis, "I am alone in the world."

There was that in her manner which might have excited suspicion in even a not uncharitable nature. So Mr. Trevor was to be pardoned the very uncomfortable doubt which crossed his mind,—the more that he resolutely banished it in a moment, and kept all expression of it out of his look or voice, saying kindly:

"That is an unfortunate position to be placed in, Miss Bond. May I ask if you would wish to continue your present situation?"

She thought a moment, but did not reply. The gentleman's brow darkened.

"Are you less wise than I gave you credit for being?" he asked, severely. "Was there, then, need for my warning last week? Bert Thorne may be the man to win a young girl's love—he may have taken means to win yours; but I, his uncle, who know him, tell you that he has no desires beyond his own amusement, and that, if you are looking—"

"Stop!" It was not an entreaty—it was a command. One small hand was raised imperiously, the handsome head thrown proudly back, and a volume of unutterable scorn and anger transformed the hitherto gentle face into that of an outraged Eastern queen. "Stop! How dare you speak thus to a—" she interrupted herself, only to continue not less vehemently. "You think I covet your nephew's affection? you think I aspire to become his wife? You are mistaken, sir; such an alliance would be no honor to me! And since you have driven me to say it, know that if I hesitated in my answer to you, it was only because I could not at that instant determine if it were wise or possible for me to continue longer in the same house with him!" And with little of the appearance of an humble dependant, she awaited the result—of the fearless self-assertion.

Bowing gracefully to the haughty spirit which he had evoked, with manly frankness Mr. Trevor said:

"I have been unjust, Miss Bond. Be generous, and let the acknowledgment make my peace. And now tell me, if you please, if you have any reason beyond that already stated for not wishing to remain longer with my little nieces?"

"No; I have not."

"Then I think we need not fear losing you, as the children will leave here as soon as suitable arrangements can be made, to reside with me, for at least some years to come, at my own home. A place, by-the-by," he added, with a little smile, "which my handsome nephew seldom takes the pains to visit."

"Oh, sir!" cried Jennie, remorsefully, "you can speak like that to me, and I was so insolent to you a moment since!"

"I think I can afford to forgive, if you can, Miss Bond. It was I who began it, as children say."

She shook her head.

"It was my old, old, wretched pride!" she murmured, speaking to herself. "I should think it had had enough to crush it, and it is not dead yet!" Then, lifting her eyes, and meeting the keen, searching gaze of her companion, she blushed violently, and said, in a voice which had a sound of dread in it, "Are you willing to trust your children to me, Mr. Trevor? Remember, you know nothing of me, and I have no confidence to give you."

"I have my sister's assurance of your past faithfulness, and that is all I require. Do not allow my late unfortunate expressions to tell too severely against me. That I had a momentary doubt of you, I will not attempt to deny; but you have forgiven that, I hope, and I have forgotten it. And you must believe me, when I tell you that if you wish to remain with us, I—we all—shall be most heartily glad to have you do so."

"Then I will stay," responded Jennie; "and oh, sir!" she added, impulsively, "God must bless you for such wonderful goodness to a poor, lonely, friendless, desolate girl!"

Mr. Trevor had risen to go while she was speaking, but he stopped to say, with more emotion than was common with him:

"I hope he will bless you, my child." Then he went away, and the strange young creature was left to the solitude of her own tumultuous thoughts.

CHAPTER III.

BERT THORNE'S VILLAINY.

But this solitude was not destined to continue. Scarcely had the door closed upon Mr. Trevor before it opened again to give admittance to Bert Thorne.

"So, I have found you at last!" he cried. And he came and sat down upon the low foot-stool where Jennie's little foot had rested a moment before. "Pretty singing bird! Are you a busy bee as well?"

"Oh, Mr. Thorne, pray take another seat. Your uncle was here but a moment ago. If he should return——"

"If he should return—— I am in my own house, and he is only my guest. *Comprenez, madamoiselle*, as our good neighbors the French say?"

"I comprehend, sir, that you are taking an unwarrantable liberty in speaking to me in your present tone!" And she gave him a look which would have put to rout a character less assuming than the one with which she had to deal.

He met it with a laugh.

"Ah! don't attempt to enact Medusa, sweet one; you could never advance beyond Venus, with that face! And, for heaven's sake, stop that distracting stitching, and listen to me!"

And, as she did not obey him, he caught her fingers in his strong, white palms, and held them fast. His touch acted like an electric shock. Jennie shivered from head to foot, and her face grew crimson. This emotion was not lost upon her companion, who at once interpreted it to suit himself. Drawing still nearer to her, in a low voice:

"You love me!" he cried, passionately; "Jennie, little darling, remain with me!"

"I! You forget yourself, Mr. Thorne. The poor governess is no fitting wife for the heir of Ashmead! What would the world say?"

"You need not care for the world, with me! You precious beauty. I will make you very happy. You shall be my heart's queen!"

"But not your wife?"

"My wife, in love! Oh, surely, Jennie!" he continued, eagerly, emboldened by the seeming quietness of her speech, "you are not one of those straight-laced, puritanical icebergs who believe that the idle mummery of a priest is necessary to constitute true marriage? It is only the union of affection——"

Jennie interrupted him.

"Spare yourself further explanation," she said, with a sarcasm more effectual than the most bitter invective. "You have made me a proposal to which a woman could have but one answer! Allow me to leave the room."

"No! by heaven, I will not!" he cried, tightening his grasp upon her. "You shall stay and hear me till my words teach you mercy. I love—I adore you, Jennie Bond!"

She gave a little shriek of pain.

"You hurt me, Mr. Thorne!"

He instantly released his hold, showing some red, cruel marks upon the slender fingers.

"The little beauties!" he cried, with well-simulated remorse. "What a wretch I am! But that is because I am so much afraid of losing you."

No sooner was Jennie thus released, than she sprang to her feet, hoping to escape from the room. But, anticipating the movement, Thorne threw his arms about her, and forced her back to her seat.

"Mr. Thorne, this is infamous! Let me go at once, or I will call for help!"

The young profligate's manner changed.

"Call, by all means, if you please," he retorted, with an ugly sneer; "but perhaps it might be as well for you to hear what I have to say first. If you do not love me now—and I really begin to have my doubts about it!—it would be for your own interest to try to do so: for I want you; and, my pretty Jennie, I know your secret!"

"My secret?" she gasped, turning deathly pale.

"Yes. You did not suspect it, eh? Oh, you haven't deceived me, with your black dress and governessing. Do you think one who had once seen her could ever forget the fair Mistress Cassie?"

Trembling in every limb, her heart beating to suffocation, Jennie sat, gazing upon her tormentor with a fixed, stony stare, and a face from which every vestige of color had faded.

"You are duller than you used to be, my lady." And, bending forward in assumed boyish abandon, he smiled, and carelessly tossed the fair curling hair from his handsome forehead.

That motion, that look—how well she re-

membered them! Throwing out her hands—still bearing the marks of his strong grasp—as if to ward off a heavy blow:

"Leon de Freitas!" she cried. "Oh, my God! am I always to be so hunted between this and my grave? There is room for sin, there is rest for disgrace—in all the wide world is there not an inch of room, an hour of rest for me?"

"There is room, and rest, and comfort, and love for you here, my lady-bird," said Thorne, in a kinder voice," if you will have it so. Oh, Jennie! why will you be so foolish—so mad? I offer you protection. I offer you the sweet support of ardent affection; take them and be at peace, you little, tender, timid, trembling dove!"

"No, no, no! Do not tempt me with your false, bad words. No, no, no! I have lost my happiness, but my honor, come what will, I will always keep."

A low, mocking laugh ran through the spacious room.

"Your honor ——. I wish you joy of it. And if I see him, madame, shall I tell him where you are hiding?"

"If you see him! What shall I do—what shall I do? If you see him, you may tell him that death is yet left to me! and—and that Heaven is over all!"

"And that there are some men under it, although you are not one, it seems, who will neither insult a woman, nor stand by and see her insulted." And there stood James Trevor, flushed and panting with indignation, all the more imposing from the fact that he was ordinarily a person of most placid demeanor. "Bert Thorne, leave the room!"

"You forget, sir," said the young man, unabashed by this unexpected interruption. "that, as the master of this house, it is my prerogative—not yours—to command."

Mr. Trevor took no notice of this lofty speech.

"Leave the room!" he repeated, austerely, pointing to the open door.

Thorne rose and took a few steps forward.

"No, I will not!" he cried, passionately, coming to a sudden stop. "If you don't like my company, you are the one to go."

"Leave the room!" again said Mr. Trevor, in a voice which told that he was no longer to be trifled with.

This urged his nephew as far as the threshold. Here he paused and looked back.

"I obey you now, sir," he said, in tones hoarsewith passion. "And, mistress Cassie, I'll settle this with you!" Then with a muttered oath, he strode away.

Jennie Bond still sat in her low chair by the window, but more like a statue than a living woman. Her sewing had slipped to the floor; her hands lay apart in her lap straight and motionless, and her face and form looked as though years of continuous and terrible suffering had suddenly passed over them.

Mr. Trevor's first movement was to close the door; his next to come to the young girl's side. Her mute misery awoke his warmest pity. Involuntarily he bent down, and took her cold hand in his warm fingers.

His touch aroused her. She shrank away from him.

"Has he told you? Have you come to taunt me, too?" she asked, in a voice which sounded as though it might have issued from a grave, "Do not—do not! I will go away to-day. I do not know where, but I will go somewhere—anywhere! only do not talk of me as—as he did."

"My poor child," said Mr. Trevor, kindly, "he has told me nothing. I have not come to distress you, only to be your friend, if I may."

"My friend—you my friend?" she murmured, incredulously. "Oh, sir, if you knew—if you should hear what he could tell you of my past ——" She stopped. Her face sunk forward upon her breast, and she burst into a terrible fit of weeping.

"I should not accept any story which he might tell, under existing circumstances. I shall listen to nothing from him which you would not be willing to confide to me yourself. If you can forget his late insolence, do so; and in the future I will see that you are not exposed to a repetition of it. And, bye-the bye, Miss Bond, I think we shall be able to leave Ashmead by the latter part of next week at farthest."

The heavy sobs instantly ceased. Lifting her bowed head, she fixed her lovely eyes, still dim with the rain of her unspent grief, with an eager, imploring look upon his face.

"What! are you not going to send me away, after all?" she cried.

"Indeed I am not."

"But if you knew ——"

"It would make no difference. I would trust you still. If you have suffered in the past, if you still suffer, the more reason why you should have a friend. And even if you have sinned—'Let him that is without sin cast the first stone,'" he repeated, in a softened yet distinctive voice.

"I have done wrong—very wrong!" she said, with sweet humility. "But oh, sir, Heaven knows, I have been more sinned against than sinning!"

CHAPTER IV.

"EVER YOUR TRUE FRIEND."

Mr. Trevor's kitchen was in a ferment. Most people's kitchens are in the same condition now and then, I suppose; but with Mr. Trevor's this state was more the rule than the exception.

Mrs. Sands, the housekeeper, had just discovered that the blackberry wine was soured, and the spiced pickles (her special pride) covered with an inch thickness of gray mould. Cook had received within the hour a letter from the "ould counthry," containing a long and melancholy account of the sudden death of her favorite "first cousin," and master Ricks, the errand-boy, was "coming down with the mumps." Accordingly the mental mercury was very low and still falling.

"I never did see the bent in all my born days!" asserted Mrs. Sands, in a high, shrill key.

"Och, Teddy, the darlint! and shure the likes of him was'nt to be found in all ould Ireland!" lamented Biddy, to a doleful accompiment of sobs.

"Oh—ooh—oh!" groaned master Ricks, from his snug corner by the fire, "how my face does ache."

At that instant the door opened, and in bounced the parlor-girl with full hands and a very red face.

"Where's Tom?" cried she. "The torment has ordered six more lumps of coal put on the parlor-fire, and I aint going to carry them up; and, Biddy, here's the cat's meat cooked too much, and the milk not boiled enough, and she wants you to go straight off, Mrs. Sands, and see that Jane turns over her mattress square; and Ricks, you've got to go right over to town, and get a quarter's worth of fresh sage and a box of mustard—and—and that's all, I believe."

"Drat the ould spalpeen!" exclaimed the out-spoken Hibernian, angrily. "By the bones ov the saints, I wish that crathur was in purgatory."

"Dear—dear," moaned Mrs. Sands, with as near approach to absolute rebellion as she ever dared allow herself to come, "she is tryin'!"

"An' the Lord knows," chimed in master Ricks, with grim humor, "it'll be a jolly day for us when she's tired out; jest think on't—here I've got to go trapesin' off a mile and a half, if it is a rod, with my jaws achin' like blazes, and the snow must reddy to come down. I'll take the sorrel colt, I swan I will! Oh—oh—oh! it'll be the death of me, I know!"

Just then the parlor bell rung a terrific peal.

"There she goes again," continued Ricks, making a wry face.

"Yes, that's her," assented Kitty, disconsolately. "I should know her ring in London," she muttered, as she went away.

"There is a skeleton in every house," is a saying remarkable not only for its triteness but its truth, as many a poor galled soul and aching heart can testify; and certainly Philadelphia (Mr. Trevor's place was situated in Pennsylvania) was not exempt from the general curse. Its fleshless guest existed in the form of Miss Samantha Trevor, spinster, aged sixty-two; a wizen-faced, undersized, withered old torment, weighing seventy-four pounds and a fraction; and nursing herself from rise to set of sun, and so back again, with mustard and red flannel for the gout; and who, because she was his dead father's only sister, also a poor, little lonely body (though rich enough in the way of houses and stocks) ruled in the good man's house and was supported by the good man's countenance. She was never at peace either with others or her own spirit. The servants hated her for her continual fault-finding; and visitors entertained towards her a most unfaltering dread. She had but three lovers, which might be classified thus: 1st, herself; 2nd, her cat, (an overgrown, green-eyed, gray beast, the terror and pest of the household, and whose food it was the mistress's whim to have prepared as carefully as if it had been an infant); and 3d, Isabella Hill, a dashing young lady yet in her teens, and daughter of one of her (Miss Trevor's) old school friends.

When Kitty reached the parlor, in answer to the bell, her quick eye detected the symptoms of something especially wrong. The old lady's face wore a deeper scowl than common, and her master looked flushed and ill-pleased.

"Nephew," commanded Miss Trevor, "give your order."

"I beg your pardon, aunt," said the gentleman, coldly, "it is your order, not mine."

"Well, and to be sure it is! why not? Catharine, go order the young woman down."

"The who?" asked Kitty, in well simulated perplexity.

"The who—you dolt! The young woman, I said. Governess Bong or Baum—or whatever her name may be."

"She means Miss Bond, Kitty," said Mr. Trevor.

"Oh, sir," said the cunning little maid, starting off with a great show of alacrity.

Jennie obeyed the summons without delay, although it found her in the midst of unpacking the children's boxes. Mr. Trevor had told her during the journey from Ashmead about his invalid aunt, and, animated by the sympathy generous youth ever entertains toward the aged or infirm, she desired to pay her all possible respect. Seeing the odd muffled up figure looking like an atom, in the large lounging-chair, she came forward with eager step, her lovely face all alight with pity, and gentle words trembling on her tongue, but the expression which she met on the other face froze the pity and chained the speech.

"What's your name?" was the old lady's first salutation.

"Jennie Bond, Madame."

"Humph! Highfalutin. Fol-de-rol!—Wax figgur complexion; yellow hair, and wears it in curls. Young person, your style don't become your condition! Black gown—who are you in mournin' for?"

"Aunt," interposed Mr. Trevor, "Miss Bond was not summoned to an inquisition. Ask her only such questions as you proposed to me to ask her."

"Very well! That's jest what I was proceedin' to do," was the unabashed retort. "Young woman," she continued, holding up one skinny finger to lend greater force to her words. 'Brond is the road that leads to death, and thousands walk together there! If there are thirty-six inches in a yard, how many miles is it from here to the Mount of Olives?"

Filled with astonishment at an address so unexpected, Jennie stood mute.

"Young woman," said the old lady again, "what is the government of the Mumphre-choochicugogs? Who is chief commander of the Lapland army? How many works are there on the Immortal part of Man?"

"I don't know, madame."

"You—don't—know! Young person, if you had cultivated your mind as fully as you have your hair, you would not stand to-day deficient in even the elements of a common English education!"

"Aunt," again interposed Mr. Trevor, "confine yourself to interrogations, if you please; and pray," he added, with a twinkle of mirth in his handsome eyes, "ask the young lady some more common questions; consider she is a stranger, and you perplex her with your difficult propositions."

"Perplex her! Isn't she a professional governess? What right has she to be perplexed, or anything but proper? No, nephew, the young person is illiterate, intemperate and unfeeling! and it is enough to draw poor Mary Anne in horror from the grave, to see into whose hands have fallen her tender and unsuspecting offsprings!" And as she took a good deal of pains to turn her back upon the condemned "young person" at this juncture, Jennie considered herself dismissed, and left the room feeling dizzy, depressed, and thoroughly uncomfortable.

Mr. Trevor followed her into the hall, taking care to close the door after him.

"Miss Bond," he said, in his pleasant, straightforward manner, "you must not let yourself be too seriously annoyed by my aunt's peculiarities. I am afraid she will not make your life here so pleasant as I could desire to have it, or as it might otherwise be; but I shall do my best to shield you from trouble of every kind, and it is my special desire that you should remember at all times and under every circumstance that I am *ever your true friend*."

"I am ever your true friend." It cooled her cheek, and brightened her eye, and quieted her pulse; it enlivened all the remaining hours of that dull winter's day. And at night, when the lights were out, and over the great house brooded a stillness like death; with the fair hair floating over her pillow, and framing a wonderful aureola round her saintly face—the white eye lids quivered—the moist crimson lips parted in a happy smile, and—"I am *ever your true friend*," murmured the lovely sleeper.

(To be continued in our next.)

WITH love the heart becomes a fair and fertile garden, glowing with sunshine and warm hues, and exhaling sweet odors; but without it, it is a bleak desert covered with ashes.

GLORY is well enough for a rich man, but it is of very little consequence to a poor man with a large family.

ALMOST HOME.

Almost home! The shadows deepen—
Deepen in the crimson West;
Stars are lighting, night is closing,
Showing me how near is rest.
Home, bright home! Its massive portals
Stand ablaze with glowing light,
Flinging far a path of glory
Through the dark and cheerless night.

Almost home! The weary journey
Now will shortly ended be;
Pain and trouble, care and sorrow,
Soon will have no power for me.
These shall pass, but peace is waiting,
Love and joy will soon be mine:
Faith is holding forth the promise—
"Soon these treasures shall be thine."

Almost home! The morn is breaking
With its purple pomp and show,
Shedding light along the valley,
Where all souls must surely go.
And I see before me, gleaming
In his beauty, One who now,
With a smile of love exceeding,
Lays His hand above my brow.

And He speaks in voice so winning,
"Almost home, my daughter dear!"
With such precious things before me,
Can I ever doubt or fear?
So I calmly wait His message—
Wait until the time shall come
When I shall not say I'm almost—
But am truly now—at home!

EAST LYNNE;

OR

THE ELOPEMENT.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

[This Serial was commenced in No. 31. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XLVII.

L. M. V.

Lord Mount Severn, wondering greatly what the urgent summons could be for, lost no time in obeying it, and was at East Lynne the following morning, early. Mr. Carlyle had his carriage at the station; his close carriage; and shut up in that, he made the communication to the earl as they drove to East Lynne.

The earl could with difficulty believe it. Never had he been so utterly astonished. At first he really could not understand the tale.

"Did she—did she—come back to your house to die?" he blubbered. "You never took her in? I don't understand."

Mr. Carlyle explained further; and the earl at length understood. But he did not recover his perplexed astonishment.

"What a mad act!—to come back here! Madame Vine! How on earth did she escape detection?"

"She did escape it," said Mr. Carlyle. "The strange likeness Madame Vine possessed to my first wife, did often strike me as being marvellous, but I never suspected the truth. It was a likeness, and not a likeness, for every part of her face and form was changed, except her eyes, and those I never saw but through those disgusting glasses."

The earl wiped his hot face. The news had ruffled him in no measured degree. He felt very angry with Isabel, although she was dead, and thankful that Mrs. Carlyle was away.

"Will you see her?" whispered Mr. Carlyle, as they entered the house.

"Yes."

They went up to the death-chamber, Mr. Carlyle procuring the key. It was the only time that he entered it. Very peaceful she looked now, her pale features so composed under her white cap and bands. Miss Carlyle and Joyce had done all that was necessary; nobody else had been suffered to approach her. Lord Mount Severn leaned over her, tracing the former looks of Isabel; and the likeness grew upon him in a wonderful degree.

"What did she die of?" he asked.

"She said, a broken heart."

"Ah!" said the earl. "The wonder is that it did not break before. Poor thing! poor Isabel!" he added, touching her hand, "how she marred her own happiness! Carlyle, I suppose this is your wedding ring?"

Mr. Carlyle cast his eyes upon the ring. "Very probably."

"To think of her never having discarded it!" remarked the earl, releasing the cold hand. "Well, I can hardly believe the tale now."

He turned and quitted the room as he spoke. Mr. Carlyle looked steadfastly at the dead face for a minute or two, his fingers touching the forehead; but what his thoughts or feelings may have been, none can tell. Then he replaced the sheet over the face, and followed the earl.

They descended in silence to the breakfast room. Miss Carlyle was seated at the table waiting for them. "Where could all your eyes have been?" exclaimed the earl to her, after a few sentences, referring to the event, had passed.

"Just where yours would have been," retorted Miss Corny, with a touch of her old temper. "You saw Madame Vine as well as we did."

"But not continuously. Only two or three times in all. And I do not remember ever to have seen her without her bonnet and veil. That Carlyle should not have recognized her is almost beyond belief."

"It seems so, to speak of it," said Miss Corny; "but facts are facts. She was young, gay, active, when she left here, upright as a dart, her dark hair drawn from her open brow, and flowing on her neck, her cheeks like crimson paint, her face altogether beautiful. Madame Vine arrived here a pale, stooping woman, lame in one leg, shorter than Lady Isabel—and her figure stuffed out under those sacks of jackets. Not a bit, scarcely, of her forehead to be seen, for gray velvet and gray bands of hair; her head smothered under a close cap; large, blue, double spectacles hiding the eyes and their sides, and the throat tied up; the chin partially. The mouth was entirely altered in its character, and that upward scar, always so conspicuous, made it almost ugly. Then she had lost some of her front teeth, you know, and she lisped when she spoke. Take her for all in all," summed up Miss Carlyle, "she looked no more like the Isabel who went away from here than I look like Adam. Just get your dearest friend damaged and disguised as she was, my lord, and see if you would recognize him."

The observation came home to Lord Mount Severn. A gentleman whom he knew well, had been so altered by a fearful accident, that little resemblance could be traced to his former self. In fact, his own family could not recognize him; and he used no artificial disguises. It was a case in point; and—reader!—I assure you that it is a true one.

"It was the disguise that we ought to have suspected," quietly observed Mr. Carlyle. "The likeness was not sufficiently striking to cause suspicion."

"But she turned the house from that scent as soon as she came into it," struck in Miss Corny. "Telling of 'neuralgic pains' that afflicted her head and face, rendering the guarding them from exposure necessary. Remember, Lord Mount Severn, that the Ducies had been with her in Germany, and had never suspected her. Remember also another thing, that, however great a likeness we may have detected, we could not and did not speak of it, one to another. Lady Isabel's name is never so much as whispered among us."

"True; all true," replied the earl. And they sat themselves down to breakfast.

On the Friday, the following letter was dispatched to Mrs. Carlyle:

"MY DEAREST,—I find I shall not be able to get to you on Saturday afternoon, as I promised, but will leave here by the late train that night. Mind you don't sit up for me. Lord Mount Severn is here for a few days; he sends his regards to you.

"And now, Barbara, prepare for news that will prove a shock. Madame Vine is dead. She grew rapidly worse, they tell me, after our departure, and died on Wednesday night. I am glad you were away.

"Love from the children. Lucy and Archie are still at Cornelia's; Arthur wearing out Sarah's legs in the nursery.

"Ever yours, my dearest,

"ARCHIBALD CARLYLE."

Of course, as Madame Vine, the governess, died at Mr. Carlyle's house, he could not, in courtesy, do less than follow her to the grave. So decided West Lynne, when they found which way the wind was going to blow. Lord Mount Severn followed also, to keep him company, being on a visit to him; and very polite, indeed, of his lordship to do it!—condescending, also! West Lynne remembered another funeral at which those two had been the only mourners—that of the earl. By some curious coincidence, the French governess was buried close to the earl's grave. As good there as anywhere else, quoth West Lynne. There happened to be a vacant spot of ground.

The funeral took place on the Sunday morning. A plain, respectable funeral. A hearse and pair, a mourning coach and pair, with a chariot for the Reverend Mr. Little. No pall-bearers or mutes, or anything of that show-off kind; and no plumes on the horses—only one on the hearse. West Lynne looked on with approbation, and conjectured that the governess had left sufficient money to bury herself; but, of course, that was Mr. Carlyle's affair, not West Lynne's. Quiet enough lay she in her last resting-place.

They left her in it—the earl and Mr. Carlyle—and entered the mourning coach to be conveyed back again to East Lynne.

"Just a little upright stone of white marble, two feet high by a foot and a half broad," remarked the earl, on their road home, pursuing a topic they were speaking upon. "With the initials 'I. V.' and the date of the year. Nothing more. What do you think?"

"I. M. V.," corrected Mr. Carlyle.

"Yes."

At this moment the bells of another church, not St. Jude's, broke out in a joyous peal, and the earl inclined his ear to listen.

"What can they be ringing for?" at last he said.

They were ringing for a wedding. Afy Halljohn, by the help of two clergymen and six bridesmaids, of whom you may be sure Joyce was not one, had just been converted into Mrs. Joe Jiffin. When Afy took a thing into her head, she somehow contrived to carry it through, and to bend even clergymen and bridesmaids to her will. Mr. Jiffin was blest at last.

In the afternoon the earl left East Lynne, and somewhat later Barbara arrived at it. Wilson scarcely gave her mistress time to step into the house before her, and she very nearly left the baby in the fly. Curiously anxious was Wilson to hear all particulars, as to whatever could have taken off the French governess. Mr. Carlyle was much surprised at their arrival.

"How could I stay away, Archibald, even until Monday, after the news you sent me?" said Barbara. "What did she die of? It must have been awfully sudden."

"I suppose so," was his dreamy answer. He was debating a question with himself, one he had thought over a good deal since Wednesday night. Should he, or should he not, tell his wife? He would have preferred not to tell her; and, were the secret confined to his own breast, he would decidedly not have done so. But it was known to three others—to Miss Carlyle, to Lord Mount Severn, and to Joyce. All trustworthy and of good intention; but it was impossible for Mr. Carlyle to make sure that not one of them would ever, through any chance and unpremeditated word, let the secret come to the knowledge of Mrs. Carlyle. That would not do: if she must hear it at all, she must hear it from him, and at once. He took his course.

"Are you ill, Archibald?" she asked, noting his face. It wore a pale, worn sort of look.

"I have something to tell you Barbara," he answered, drawing her hand into his as they stood together. They were in her dressing-room, where she was taking off her things. "On the Wednesday evening when I got home to dinner, Joyce told me that she feared Madame Vine was dying, and I thought it right to see her."

"Certainly," returned Barbara. "Quite right."

"I went into her room, and I found that she was dying. But I found something else, Barbara. She was not Madame Vine."

"Not Madame Vine!" echoed Barbara, believing in good truth that her husband could not know what he was saying.

"It was my former wife, Isabel Vane."

Barbara's face flushed crimson, and then grew white as marble; and she drew her hand unconsciously from Mr. Carlyle's. He did not appear to notice the movement, but stood with his elbow on the mantlepiece while he talked, giving her a rapid summary of the interview; not its details.

"She could not stay away from her children, she said, and came back as Madame Vine. What with the effects of the railroad accident in France, and those spectacles she wore, and her style of dress, and her grey hair, she felt secure in not being recognized. I am astonished now that she was not discovered. Were such a thing related to me I should refuse credence to it."

Barbara's heart felt faint with its utter sickness, and she turned her face from the view of her husband. Her first confused thoughts were as Mr. Carlyle's had been—that she had been living in his house with another wife. "Did you suspect her?" she breathed in a low tone.

"Barbara! Had I suspected it, should I have allowed it to go on? She implored my forgiveness for the past, and for having returned here; and I gave it to her fully. I then went to West Lynne, to telegraph for Mount Severn, and when I came back she was dead."

There was a pause. Mr. Carlyle began to perceive that his wife's face was hidden from him.

"She said her heart was broken. Barbara, we cannot wonder at it."

There was no reply. Mr. Carlyle took his arm from the mantlepiece, and moved so that he could see her countenance: a wan countenance, telling of pain.

He laid his hand upon her shoulder and made her look at him. "My dearest, what is this?"

"Oh, Archibald!" she uttered, clasping her hands together, all her pent-up feelings bursting forth, and the tears streaming from her eyes, "has this taken your love from me?"

He took both her hands in one of his, he put the other round her waist and held her there, before him, never speaking, only looking gravely into her face. Who could look at its sincere truthfulness, at the sweet expression of his lips, and doubt him? Not Barbara. She had allowed the moment's excitement to act upon her feelings, and carry her away.

"I had thought my wife possessed entire trust in me."

"Oh, I do, I do; you know I do. Forgive me, Archibald," she softly whispered.

"I deemed it better to impart this to you, Barbara. Had there been wrong feeling on my part, I should have left you in ignorance. My darling, I have told you it in love."

She was leaning on his breast, sobbing gently, her repentant face turned toward him. He held her there in his strong protection, his enduring tenderness.

"My wife! my darling! now and always."

"It was a foolish feeling to cross my heart, Archibald. It is done with, and gone."

"Never let it come back, Barbara. Neither need her name be mentioned again between us. A barred name it has hitherto been; so let it continue."

"Anything you will. My earnest wish is to please you; to be worthy of your esteem and love, Archibald," she timidly added, her eye-lids drooping, and her fair cheeks blushing, as she made the confession, "there has been a jealous feeling in my heart against your children, a sort of jealous feeling, you can understand, because they were hers; because she had once been your wife. I knew how wrong it was, and I have tried earnestly to subdue it. I have, indeed, and I think it is nearly gone. I"—her voice sunk lower—"constantly pray to be helped to do it; to love them and care for them as if they were my own. It will come with time."

"Every good thing will come with time that we may earnestly seek," said Mr. Carlyle. "Oh, Barbara, never forget—never forget that the only way to insure peace in the end, is to strive always to be doing right, unselfishly, under God."

THE END.

MY LITTLE STRATAGEM.

BY WILLARD TREMAINE.

Jessie Hale was the merriest, prettiest, most provoking daughter of Eve that ever existed—at least, I thought so—though perhaps I was not an impartial judge, as I must confess I was deeply in love,—and, in fact, I don't believe I could remember the time when I was not in love with her. I first ventured to ask for her company from church; when, after four years' absence, I returned to my native town and set up as a surgeon. Oakdale was a healthy place, or else the good people felt a little afraid of trusting their lives in the hands of such a young scapegrace as they had known me to be, for somehow my horse and gig found more employment in carrying Jessie Hale to ride than any other profitable business; yet of all the tantalizing little wretches that ever fascinated and provoked a poor fellow—until he could not have told whether he was in the body or out of it—she was the worst.

And there was I—Willard Tremaine—standing six feet two in my stockings, led about by that little elf, coming and going at every beck and call, as if I were a great simpleton, as in truth I must have been, for after playing "yours devotedly" for about six months, I was no nearer winning her than at first. Open-hearted and candid she was on every other subject; but just let me speak of love or marriage, and I might as well talk to a stone wall. "All is fair in love and war;" or at least I thought so, and resolved to try the result of strategy on my wilful little lady-love.

One fine morning, as we were about starting for a ride on horseback, and I was assisting Miss Jessie into the saddle, her horse commenced rearing and kicking at an alarming rate; of course the jagged bits of iron I had cautiously inserted beneath the saddle had nothing to do with it. By the time she was fairly seated he had become perfectly unmanageable, throwing her violently from the saddle; of course I caught her before she touched the ground. No sooner was she in safety, when, with a deep groan, I staggered back against the fence, my right arm hanging helplessly by my side. It took nicely, for Jessie was beside me in a moment.

"Oh, Will," she said piteously, "that terrible horse has broken your arm; what will you do? Poor Will! poor Will!"

How like a villain I felt at sight of her distress; but I was not going to give up then; so I answered, faintly, "It is nothing, dear Jessie; I would suffer a thousand times more to feel that I had saved your precious life."

"But oh, I am so sorry! What can be done for you?" she said in touching accents.

"Only tell me that you love me, Jessie, darling; it will soothe my pain more than anything else in the world." And then, like the great simpleton that I was, put that right arm around her, and never discovered my mistake till she sprang suddenly away.

"Wouldn't a little brandy and water do as well, Mr. Tremaine?" she asked, archly. "There don't seem to be any bones broken; the injury was internal, I should think."

Wouldn't I have sold myself for a sixpence! But there was no help for it; so I had to own the trick, and went home wishing I had broken my arm or my neck, I didn't care much which. After that, for a while, I was rather shy of the love subject, for I didn't fancy hearing of my last attempt; but, one morning, however, I went over the way, resolved that the matter should be decided before I returned. Jessie was sitting by the parlor window, busily sewing, and humming some merry tune to herself as I entered. She was looking prettier than ever; and I found it terribly hard work to begin.

At last I broke in upon some of her careless nonsense with, "Why in the world, Jessie, don't you say whether you love me or not? I believe you do—in fact, I know you do."

Here I was again making a simpleton of myself.

"Oh! you know, then, do you?" she said, coolly, with a merry twinkle in her eye. "Then of course there is no need of my telling you."

"No, I did not mean it, Jessie," I said. "But do you love me? Will you answer me, yes or no?"

"Yes or no," she answered, demurely.

"Oh, Jessie Hale!" I exclaimed, impatiently, "you will drive me crazy!"

"A terrible misfortune, surely," she said, with a laugh, throwing down her work, and stepping through the low window upon the lawn. "Now, Mr. Will, I will tell you what I will do if you will promise never to plague me again about this."

"I will promise anything if you will only give me an honest answer," I said, eagerly.

"Well, then, if you can catch me before I reach the elm tree, I will give you a candid answer."

I thumped my head against the window-sash, and away I went, racing over the green-sward with ten times more eagerness than I ever displayed in playing catch in my boyhood days. I caught her before she was half-way to the old elm.

"Now for the answer," I said, eagerly.

"Oh! but can't you wait until I get breath?" drawing it in quick, spasmodic jerks. "Let me see; what was it I promised to tell you?"

"Whether you love me or not, you provoking little wretch," said I, fairly out of patience.

"Now look here, Mr. Will; if you don't leave off calling me names I wont tell you at all. I promised, you say?"

"Of course you did; so don't be all day about it."

"If you hurry me I can't speak at all; for it will take me some time to think over the objects of my love to see if you are among them. Let me see—" beginning to count her fingers—"there is old Chloe, that's one; and Prince—though he hurt your arm you know—is two; and old Brindle is three; and Watch is four; and—let's see—yes, there is Mr. Willard Tremaine is five."

I don't think I stopped to thank her for that answer, and if my return to the parlor was not as rapid as my exit from it, it was certainly far more dignified. I had taken my hat, and was out of the gate before Jessie reached the house.

I went home in no very enviable state of mind, and sitting down in my arm-chair, began to think and plan how I could outwit this provoking little elf. Have her I would, but how? That was the question.

"A letter for you, sir," called out my boy at the door.

I took the letter and tore it open. It was from an uncle of mine—a surgeon in a flourishing city—making me a very advantageous offer if I would come and take his place. This was just the situation I had been wanting for years, and I hailed it with delight now.

"But, Jessie," I thought—"could I leave her?"

A moment's reflection showed me it was just what was needed, for if she really cared for me my absence would make her willing to acknowledge it. It did not take long to make my arrangements, and before night they were all completed, and the next morning I started for the station, calling at Mr. Hale's on my way, to bid Jessie good-bye. I could see the little witch did not believe one word of the story I told her.

"I hope, Mr. Will, you won't break your arm in the train; it would make it so bad for you," she said, with a queer smile, as I concluded.

"And you not there to cure it," I retorted. "But, seriously, Jessie, I am in earnest, now. It is probable I shall not see you again for years; for if I like the place I shall remain there."

She still believed it some trick, for her eyes said plainly, "You can't cheat me again." And she said good-bye as coolly as if it were only for a day. I went down the walk, feeling much as I think Adam must have felt when he left Paradise, except that he took his Eve with him and I left mine behind. I was well pleased with the place, and was not long in accepting my uncle's proposals. I wrote to this effect to a lawyer, desiring him to dispose of my property at Oakdale. I knew Jessie would hear of it, and it would give her to understand that I had no intention of returning. In three days I followed the letter, determined that if I did not succeed this time, I would give her up forever, though my heart gave a quick throb of pain at the thought.

It was just at twilight, of a pleasant September day, when I reached Oakdale. Direct to Hale's I took my way, saying over to myself as I went, "Now or never!" I entered the dusky parlor unannounced. By the dim light I saw Jessie sitting on a sofa, her head resting on the soft pillow. She was alone and had not heard my step. Was she asleep? A quick sob answered me. That argued well for my success. In a moment I was kneeling beside her, and had raised the bowed head.

"Jessie! dear little Jessie!" I said, tenderly, scarcely knowing how she would receive it. With a quick start and a glad cry of surprise, her head was pillowed on my bosom.

"Oh, I am so glad to see you, Will! They told me you would not return, and I have been so lonely without you."

"And I have been lonely too, Jessie darling," I said. "My home anywhere would always be lonely without you. Will you not go and share it with me?"

The answer was very low, but I knew it was in the affirmative.

"Will you become my wife next week?" I was determined to make sure work now.

There was some hesitation, a few objections raised, but I finally gained the same answer to that.

Then I hurried to the drawing-room to see the old folks. There was considerable pleasure expressed at my unexpected arrival, and great surprise when my errand was made known; and a few tears and regrets from the mother at parting with Jessie, and hearty congratulations from the father, concluded by the remark, "That just as likely as not she would change her mind while changing her dress."

Not so, however. In a week I got the prettiest, best little wife in all England; and what is better still, I think so now, even though she did say, ten minutes after the ceremony, "I never told you I loved you, after all, Will."

And she never has to this day.

THE LANGUAGE OF COLORS—The French hold that violet is analogous to friendship, blue to love, as suggested by blue eyes and azure sky. A bunch of violets would, therefore, tell a lady's suitor that friendship is all he has a right to expect. Yellow is paternity or maternity; it is the yellow ray of the spectrum which causes the germ to shoot. Red figures ambition, indigo, the spirit of rivalry; green, the love of change, fickleness, but also work; orange, enthusiasm; white, unity, universality; black, favoritism, the influence exerted by an individual. Certain persons have the gift of fascinating all who approach them; and black, which absorbs all the rays of the spectrum, is the reverse of white, which combines them in one. Beside the seven primitive colors, grey indicates poverty; brown, prudery; pink, modesty; silver-grey (semi-white), feeble love; lilac (semi-violet), feeble friendship; pale pink, false shame.

FRUGALITY may be termed the daughter of prudence, the sister of temperance, and the parent of liberty. He that is extravagant will quickly become poor, and poverty will enforce dependence and invite corruption.

BE CAREFUL, OH, MY SON!

BY A. E. K.

You are going away from home, my son;
Be careful how you're led,
For we all must lie—as the adage says—
As we have made our bed.

You carry away a boy's true heart,
And a strength through love attained;
Oh, bring us back in its place, my son,
A manhood all unstained.

You are going away from home and friends—
From a mother's loving care—
From a father's counsel wisely given—
From a hearth of praise and prayer!

Going away to the gay, bright scenes
That will fire your bounding heart—
That will tempt, perhaps, your untried feet
From the better way to part.

"Whatever we sow we shall reap," my son,
Be it grains or noxious weeds—
Be it laurel wreaths or cypress boughs,
Then scatter the goodly seeds!

TALES OF THE OPERAS.

BY J. REDDING WARE.

SATANELLA.

CHAPTER I.

RUIN.

A strange tale, laid in the wild Adriatic hills.

We are in the gardens attached to the palace of the Count Rupert, where a gala day is progressing very brilliantly.

Rich, young, handsome, but friendless, the Count, like most young nobles in his position, had endeavored to find happiness in waste and carousal; and upon the day when the reader makes his acquaintance he has nearly exhausted his vast fortune. But the songs are not any the less loud on that account, nor the laughter less ringing.

The grounds are crowded partly by the Count's interested friends, partly by his tenants, and their forest relations and friends, their sweethearts and wives.

In the midst of the nobles sat a damsel, of great but threatening beauty, who looked about her now and again as though in doubt as to what course of conduct it would be most politic to pursue.

Assuredly the guests enjoyed the rich food and the richer wines, not any the less because there was a probability that they could not assist there at many more entertainments of a similar character.

They were, in fact, praising the giver of the feast when he came amongst his visitors and thanked them for their good opinion.

"But retain your homage and your admiration for ladies' bright eyes and smiling lips," he added. "Take no heed of me, except to follow my example."

Thus speaking he approached the haughty beauty already mentioned, and, stooping low, kissed her hand.

If she experienced any pleasure at this flattering attention, she showed it by little outward evidence.

She barely smiled, and coldly said that "Life's golden hours should fly past in the midst of gilded pleasures."

Again he bowed, and invited her to wander through the domain, when she looked negligently at him, and carelessly taking his arm, suffered herself to be led through the smiling group of visitors.

Herr Hortensius, the Count's old tutor, shook his head, and thought how strange it was that youth could be so easily blinded by beauty—that the faults of a lovely woman were completely masked by her good looks.

Here his cogitations were interrupted by the appearance of a pretty rustic girl and an elderly woman, evidently her *chaperone*, each carrying a handsome bouquet of homely flowers, and both of whom were making low curtsies to Hortensius himself.

"Two women, at one and the same time," he murmured; adding, in a sharp voice, "Well, what is it?"

"Surely, Herr Hortensius," said the elder, "you remember *me*—Dame Bertha? This is Leila, the Count's foster-sister; and we have come, each with her pretty bunch of flowers, on the Count's birthday, to wish him long life and happiness."

"Look about for him, good Bertha, and you will find him where the crowd is thickest, and not far from that pearl of young persons, the Princess Stella, as we have to call her, until she condescends to be his Countess."

"His Countess!" said pretty Leila, in a sad voice. "Then all my hopes are shattered."

Thereupon she uttered a faint cry, as she saw the Count rapidly approaching.

"Good Master Hortensius," said the nobleman, hurriedly—"here is my Lady Stella, angry beyond measure that she has lost her bouquet; quick, and find me the flowers! Why," he added, as his eyes fell upon Leila, "what charming rustic Venus have we here?"

"Have you quite forgotten little Leila?"

"What—my foster-sister?"

"Yes, who has ventured hither on your birthday to offer you these simple flowers."

"They are as pretty as you are," said Rupert. "And so you are little Leila, now grown to be a woman! I need not ask if you have a sweetheart?"

"She might have one of twenty," here struck in old Dame Bertha; "but she cares for neither, not even the one I would gladly see her accept."

"And who is that?" asked the Count.

"Karl Hoffman," said the good woman, confidentially; "he whose uncle, one of your lordship's stewards, has charge of your ruins of the old castle on the Brockenberg."

"The castle of the Brockenberg!" said the Count, in a puzzled voice. "I did not know that I owned such a place."

"You do," said Herr Hortensius, "and it is about the only bit of your estate you will never sell—for the simple reason that nobody would ever venture to buy it. Little, my lord, do you know of the family history. Why, it was in the turret of that very castle, and which still stands, that your ancestor, Count Hildebrand, sold himself to the demon for a certain sum of money, paid down. To this day they call it the Demon's Tower."

"They are at liberty to do so," said the Count, with a laugh. "But it is a more serious matter to find out why Leila here cares nothing for this Karl Hoffman. Good Hortensius, see the dame well disposed, and leave Leila and me to ourselves."

"We are alone," he continued, when Bertha and the old tutor had entered the mansion, "and you may confide in your foster-brother. What! downcast eyes and trembling lips? I understand, my Leila—you love another. Tell me his name."

"It will never be breathed by me, dear my lord. You look strangely at me, Count Rupert, but my case is a common one; our hearts are not our own to give, and only too often we find that they are lost beyond recovery, despite our reason and our will."

The Count laughed lightly, and said:

"You are quite a philosopher—but, I warrant me, he will soon discover his mistake, and will love you as deeply as you do him. You are not too proud, I hope, to take this ring—nay, I command. It is the gift of a brother, and with it I bestow upon you a brotherly kiss."

As his lips touched her cheek, he heard a low, angry cry, and, turning, he found Stella's angry, dark eyes fixed upon him.

"Have you found the bouquet? Who is the cottage-girl who has just run into the house?"

"My foster-sister—one Leila."

"A pretty pastoral performance I found you engaged upon! But clearly understand that our engagement is at an end!"

"Bah! you make the notice I have taken of an old playfellow of my childhood's days a mere pretext for an act upon which you had previously determined! You think I am half ruined!"

"I know it!"

"You shall have no doubt upon the point before the day has passed!"

Rash, careless, yet ever honest, Count Rupert became suddenly reckless upon hearing the Princess' words.

No doubt, it reads most improbable that two or three hasty words, uttered by a woman, should cause a man to become utterly reckless. Like all who risk their fortunes upon the hazard of the die, Rupert had ever at his elbow rascals (noblemen by title, many of them,) at all times ready to take advantage of his weaker moments.

That day's work was, for the Count, a catastrophe. The gaming once commenced, he risked blindly, madly, all he was worth—treasure, castles, lands, forests. He played as though he was possessed, and not any the less recklessly, as now and again he glanced at the mocking face of the Princess Stella. Perchance, had he bestowed one more look upon the pleading face of his foster-sister, who, being then present, suffered deeply as she saw him lose time after time, Rupert had been saved.

It was the old story over again. When he had lost all, when convinced that he had been cheated, he drew his sword upon the false friends. They turned in a body upon him, and drove him out from the domain, of which, but a little while before, he was master.

Of all his wealth, only the Demon's Tower, and the ruins which surrounded it, could he call his own.

CHAPTER II.

THE DEMON'S TOWER.

The chief room of the so-called Demon's Tower, the only solid part remaining of the old Castle of the Brockenberg, had the appearance of being a library, as far as shelves and bookcases could prove it such a place. Few books, however, were to be seen in the dusty and moldering place; and at once the eye of an intruder drifted to a strange piece of tapestry over the old fireplace. It represented an ancient knight, of strange aspect, and near him a bowing page, whose countenance was strangely marked.

Upon the evening of the day when Count Rupert lost the remainder of his fortune, the summer weather suddenly changed, and a terrible and savage storm swept over the grounds in which the *fete* had taken place, coming from the direction in which the Demon's Tower was to be found.

The storm was at its height when the door of the great room in that same Demon's Tower was slowly opened, and a pleasant, simple-looking lad entered, carrying a lamp, and looking cautiously about him.

"I am glad," he thought, "that Dame Bertha and Leila got home before this storm began. They seemed in a sad way when they gave me the message. Why should my lord come here to pass the night—here, where the demon needlework hangs on the wall?"

* * * * *

Very pale looked Count Rupert, as he entered the room, followed by Hortensius; for no man, however he may fall, is left quite friendless, if in his life he has been kind and willing to help his fellow-man.

"'Tis but a dingy abode, this last of my belongings," said the Count, laughing, as he looked about him. "Why, what's this over the hearth?"

"It represents, my lord, your ancestor," said Karl Hoffman, "as he appeared when making a compact with the demon!"

"My ancestor appears to me to have been but a poor-looking man. I should prefer to set eyes upon something in the way of supper—what you will, my good Karl. A musty place this," he continued, after Karl had left the room, and addressing the tutor; "but it has the advantage of quietude, which is pleasant, after the wrangle with my old friends. I was in the wrong, and I deserved what I got—to have my sword wrenched from my right hand, and my miserable life given me. Why, what have we here? A treatise on alchemy—'How to make gold.' Now this is a book worth having. Let us see. 'To make gold, take a large quantity of silver.' Ha, but I have no silver! Let us see how to make silver." He turned a few pages and read: "To make silver, you must take a certain quantity of gold."

Here the Count broke into hearty laughter, and cried:

"I'll have no more alchemy. Let us try another book. What is this? 'Demonology!' Now this must have been the work patronised by my ancestor."

"Nay, nay!" cried the old tutor; "I'll have nothing to do with demons!"

"Then go join Karl in the kitchen," cried Rupert, with another rattling laugh, "and leave me alone with his Majesty!"

"The room seems strangely oppressive," he thought, when Hortensius had left him alone. "Is there any truth in demonology? Let me look into this."

He opened the book, and after searching for some time, he read:

"The King of the demon world is named Arimanes, and he may be evoked by uttering the following words: 'Miriam, Manasses, Eurothas!'—care being taken to extend the hand towards the east."

He hesitated—then stood erect—stretched forth his right hand to the east—uttered the three magic words, "Miriam, Manasses, Eurothas!"

He heard a terrific, seething noise; the thunder increased in anger; the lightning became whiter and more intense; and then, as he uttered the willful word, "Appear—appear!" he felt the ground rock under him, and he fell forward on his face.

The tapestry changed—grew bright, gleaming, and then the figures moved. The knight became a demon of terrible aspect; and a figure, in a woman's robe, the face that of the page, was crouching at his feet.

Slowly the figures glide to the floor. The demon speaks:

"What daring mortal has pronounced my name?"

He looks about him, and his eyes fall upon the senseless Rupert.

"Here behold one of those mortal creatures. He would rule me, and he quails even at my very coming! He can command my presence, and my coming doth cast him down! He has dared, and he shall serve! Thou slave, crouching at my feet, be the task yours to destroy, and make this human mortal humble as thyself!"

"Command me, master, and I do obey!" whispered the figure crouching at his feet, and in a sweet voice.

"Destroy him!"

"Good master, he is so young, and looks so brave!"

"What, slave—spirit, do you dare question my behest? Yours to obey; mine to destroy! Go! with woman's heart and wily tongue, appear to him as you have of old to mortal men—a willing and obedient page!"

He touched the robe of Satanella, and she appeared clothed as in the tapestry.

"Obey!"

The page knelt near the Count's prostrate form, and, as this was done, Arimanes faded into the night; the tapestry again became shadowed, and the room, but for the presence of the page, was as it had appeared before the invocation.

Slowly the Count regained his senses; stood up; looked about him, and started to see the stranger.

"Who are you—what has happened?"

"You should know—you summoned me!"

"What! are you——"

"Oh, yes! I am not so black as I am painted!"

"Ah, appearances are often deceitful!"

"Pray, what can I do for you?" asked the page.

By this time, the Count had recovered his natural audacity.

"I am so hungry, good page, that my greatest want, at the present moment, appears to be supper."

"Supper be it!"

Need it be said that the repast was there in a moment, and that it was a very good one?

"A hungry man needs no warning before a well-spread table," said the Count, seating himself.

And, at that moment, Herr Hortensius put his head in at the door. His amazement may be imagined—it cannot be described.

"Here is a meal fit for a marriage-feast!" he stammered.

"Ha, there you are, good tutor! Sit down, and bear me company."

But the old pedagogue hesitated. The flesh was weak; but his suspicion was strong. However, he sat down, as he thought, by his own will; he did not remark that the new-comer, the page, raised his hands, and motioned the old pedagogue to a seat.

"Here's your health!" cried the Count.

"Thank you; I hope it will not suffer on the result of this feast."

"Not it!" cried the Count. "Egad, this page of mine is a fine-looking fellow! and if ever I meet a woman like him——"

"She would win your heart?" asked Satanella.

"I believe," cried the Count, "she might claim my soul!"

"I am glad of that," said the page, smiting him gently on the shoulder.

"Let us drink to our young friend here," cried the Count.

"What! I drink to the demon? Never?" exclaimed the tutor.

"Nay, I will, and sing, too," cried the Count, who began at once to carol:

"When fortune frowns, and friends forsake, and faith in love is dead; when man has nothing left to stake, to hope nor yet to dread; one brilliant pleasure may remain, worth all the joy then lost—the glorious vintage of champagne, to drink at others' cost. Let life's best song have for refrain, this glorious vintage of champagne."

"Come, Hortensius," he cried, "join in the chorus. What! asleep? Poor man! So, pretty page, join you in the chorus. Why, where is he? The youth has vanished."

A strange, mystic music now swept through the air, and at once it caused the Count to experience a strange desire to sleep. It was in vain that he conquered this tendency, and in a few minutes he fell heavily into a chair, and became motionless.

A strange sight was then to be seen. Where the page had vanished, there appeared a beautiful woman, with his features, his voice—a lovely form, clad in a strange, fairy clothing, like nothing seen upon our every-day earth.

"Myself once more," she whispered,—"the page I cease to play; all of woman now, my soul resumes its sway. In dreaming visions let me charm his eyes,—one dazzling moment in my true form to be seen; then henceforth enshrined his fancy's worshipped queen. There is a power whose sway angels' souls adore, and the lost obey, weeping evermore: it is the power of love."

Slowly the figure stole near the unconscious Count, kissed him softly on the forehead, and disappeared.

Rupert started suddenly into wakefulness, and leapt towards the direction where the figure had vanished. He saw nothing.

"What silvery tones," he cried, "were those of the voice I heard? How sweet the air it sang! I would give my existence now and hereafter to hear them once again."

In answer to his words, the air once again struck upon his sense of hearing, but he could see no form, nor divine whence came the sounds. All he knew for certain was that the sweet melody was sounding in his ears.

CHAPTER III.

RICHES.

The scene is changed. It is a magnificent hall, opening upon a picturesque garden, and the demon-page Satanella may be seen leaning passively against a column. Her face is shaded, and its expression one of deep dejection.

"I have fallen over the precipice to which I was to have attracted him," she thought. "As Satanella, in female form, I was to have destroyed him by the power of love, and I myself am crushed by the love I have for him; while he himself loves another."

Suddenly her face assumed a terrible expression.

"If I cannot gain his love, shall I be baulked of vengeance? No! love is too near hate to be wholly forgotten when the great passion is despised."

As suddenly as she had shown anger, her face became gentle again, when she saw him slowly approaching, his head stooped, his eyes moodily seeking the ground.

"I trust, master, that you are satisfied with me?" said Satanella, approaching.

"How could I be otherwise? You have brought me back my fortune."

"And your friends have naturally followed your fortune," answered the page.

"But I know the price I am to pay," said the Count, gravely.

"'Tis a long time before payment will be due. But what ails you, good master? You possess youth, wealth, health, and power; what more is needed to give happiness?"

"Peace of mind," said the Count; "and that I do not possess. Every night a form of surpassing loveliness haunts my sleep, and whispers sweet words of love low in my ears; and even before I can awake, it has vanished."

"I dare not speak first of love," thought Satanella, "or I destroy him."

"I must dispel these fancies," cried the Count. "I must devote myself to a living, breathing woman."

"The princess Stella, for instance," cried Satanella; "a charming human mortal. Why, Count, I will make her own that she despises you, although she is even now about here, having journeyed hither to declare that she has never ceased to love you. Take this cap," she continued, presenting the head-covering she held in her hand, though whence it came the Count did not observe, "When you hold it in your hand, she will speak falsely; when you wear it, you shall hear the truth."

"I accept your offer," said the Count, seizing the cap; and here Herr Hortensius hurried in, saying, "My lord, here comes visiting that crocodile, the Princess Stella."

"You see, I spoke truly," said Satanella.

The false woman entered the room with downcast eyes, with pensive air, and said, in a low voice, "I am leaving friends and home, Count Rupert; but before I exile myself, I desire to be forgiven by you for what must have appeared my insane behavior. I have no excuse to make, but only seek your pardon, and to ask you to say good-bye."

"So sad! her eyes downcast!" thought Rupert. "There is truth in her every syllable. This grief can surely not deceive?"

"Put on the hat, Count," whispered the page.

He did so, and in a moment the young Princess was laughing hugely.

"Ha! ha! ha! ha! Not even misfortune reads this fool a lesson. It is impossible for him to see that I have come to say adieu in the hope that he will ask me to remain."

Need it be said that, after such a confession, the Princess Stella was not asked to stay for life at the castle; and the Count thanked gratefully his page, when this strange attendant whispered lowly, "You owe it to me that you have been saved from a totally heartless and designing woman."

CHAPTER IV.

PLOT.

The sea is beating heavily on the coast, as though desirous of reaching the piratical crew who have just reached shore, after anchoring their bark in a natural harbor near the spot at which they are gathered, looking about them for anything in the shape of a prize.

"On shore once again," said the leader, one Bracachio; "and 'tis a visit to be turned to account. Hark! a step! Let us lie by, and see what comes of it."

The footsteps belonged to no more formidable person than honest, love-worn Karl.

It is needless to tell how, in his desperate mood, he was easily induced to join the pirate crew, or how this weak, sad, love-lorn youth readily listened to a proposal to carry off his sweetheart from the cottage in which she had lived many years with Dame Bertha.

It is to this very cottage that the reader must, in imagination, wing his way. It is situated near a little wayside chapel, and so near the sea that the sound of the beating waves may readily be heard.

Near this cottage creeps Satanella, now desperate in her love for Rupert. She is still watching the cottage, when a quick step approaches, and the Princess Stella, closely veiled, smites the page on the shoulder.

"I see you have obeyed me, Sir Page."

"I am only too proud to be able humbly to obey you."

"I desire you to inform the Count that I forgive him, and that I am still ready to become his wife."

"'Twould be useless humiliation, lady; for here is the chapel, and there, in that cottage, is the bride, and within half-an-hour here will come the bridegroom, who is Count Rupert."

"A rival! I would that I could set these eyes upon her."

"You shall," said Satanella; and, waving a hand, a portion of the front wall of the cottage became transparent, and the wrathful Princess was enabled to see Leila preparing for her wedding.

"How can I prevent this marriage?" cried the angry woman.

And, as though in answer to her thoughts, at that moment the cluster of pirates came roving that way, Karl in their midst.

"Who are these men?" asked Stella.

"Oh," said Satanella, "a band of honest rogues. They are purveyors of beauty to the Pasha's harem in the East."

The Princess struck her hands together, and crying, "They will suit my purpose!" she hurried to the man who appeared to be the leader of the band.

The reader will readily comprehend what occurred—that Stella made a bargain with the pirates, by means of which Leila was forcibly torn from her home and carried off to the sea. But richly endowed with perspicuity as the reader may be, he will not have anticipated that the tables were turned upon Stella by Satanella, who, approaching Bracachio, asked, "How much gave you the lady to carry off the maiden?" Being told, the page replied, "Here is double to carry off the lady herself."

Then a terrible thought entered the brain of the demon page. She resolved to personate Leila, and for that purpose she entered the cottage.

When the Count, emerging from the chapel, hurried to the cottage-door, he saw the white form of his bride standing on the threshold. She took his hand, and as the Count's friends came trooping to the place of meeting, she moved towards the chapel.

Then, once again, the thunder roared, a sudden crash seemed to swoop upon the assembled guests, and the next moment, with a terrible cry, the bride fell upon the ground.

The Count tearing away the concealing bridal veil, recognized the features of Satanella.

At the same moment, Herr Hortensius rushed towards the Count, crying, "My lord, my lord, your bride, the fair Leila, has been carried off by pirates. See!" he continued, pointing, "the ship is even now out at sea."

As he spoke, flames leaped up about the false bride, and her form sank into the earth, her eyes fixed to the last upon the Count, who was already giving orders for the pursuit of the pirates.

CHAPTER V.

THE SLAVE MARKET.

It is the slave market at Tunis, and the open place is strangely alive in the midst of the tropical sunlight, for a cargo of slaves has arrived, and it is whispered that two or three beautiful women are to be sold, and that the Vizier is to be present.

Now approach, dressed in flowing Greek costumes, but with familiar faces, Count Rupert, Herr Hortensius, and the love-sick youth, Karl.

They start and show much agitation as one of the slave-owners, named Bracachio, comes forward, followed by a figure, whose face he unveils.

There is a cry, the slave turns, and in a moment two names are uttered, the one "Leila!" the other "Rupert!" and, with outstretched arms, are running to each other, when Bracachio interferes.

"Stay, friend; this property is mine. So soon as market opens, you can buy."

"Be of good cheer, Leila," he whispers. "I have not come empty-handed."

Here the cries of the mob sufficiently indicated the approach of the Vizier. A strange scene now commenced. The Vizier, gravely purchasing for his master, the Bey of Tunis, passed from group to group, rejecting Circassian, Nubian, Arabian, but deciding the moment his eyes fell upon the fair-haired Leila.

A terrible scene of competition now ensued, the Vizier and Rupert bidding blindly against each other.

At last all Rupert's money was offered, his jewels followed, and even the very ship that brought him into port—yet the Vizier outbid him.

He was in the depths of despair when a beautifully-formed woman, her face hidden in the hood of a deep bernous, softly approached, and laid her hand upon his arm, as Bracachio said to the Vizier, "The maiden is yours, and is well paid for."

"Would you save her?" asked the stranger.

"You here?" cried Rupert—"you, my demon page!"

"Sign this compact, and she is safe."

Satanella had been compelled to appear before Arimanes. She was now once again permitted to appear upon earth, as the result of her promise to conquer her love and enthrall the soul of the Count Rupert.

The temptation was equally terrible and irresistible. In a few moments he had drawn blood from his arm, and signed the compact.

Thereupon Satanella threw off her bernous, and appeared as a beautiful woman in Oriental costume.

She began singing a strange Eastern song, and as her voice rose, the Vizier turned and contemplated her. A few moments, and he had completely forgotten the existence of Leila. Ere the song was ended, the grand officer was kneeling at the feet of Satanella.

The temptress smiled, and pointed to Leila.

"I permit no rival," she said, in a soft voice.

"She is free," whispered the Vizier, motioning his slaves to place the caskets of jewels they were carrying at Leila's feet; and as these actions took place, Leila and Rupert were once more in each other's arms.

But he was not ungracious enough to forget his debt of gratitude to Satanella.

"I thank you with my life, good friend!"

"You should do so," replied Satanella. "No thanks; but speed away. Remember, we shall meet on reckoning day."

CHAPTER VI.

THE WORTH OF REPENTANCE.

We are once again in the Demon's Tower, where Rupert is waiting the arrival of Leila, who very speedily makes her appearance, accompanied by Herr Hortensius.

"Ah, Leila!" says Rupert, "at length the hour is come when I shall call you mine! We have loved through difficulty and dangers, and we are at last rewarded. At midnight we are to be married, and even as I speak, the bell sounds the hour."

But, as the bell ceases, there is a threatening sound in the air, and suddenly a form stands between them, and raises the veil covering the face.

"The fiend!" cries Rupert.

"You called me friend at Tunis; but it matters little. I am here because the thirty days are past. Look on this pact; the terms are very plain!"

"How have I wronged you?" he asked.

"Taught me to love!" she cried; "to trebly curse my fate!"

"To love?" cried Leila. "Impossible! for to love is to pity."

"I love!" cried Satanella; "and my love has made me human!"

"I do not love you in return," cried Rupert, in desperation. "Do your worst!"

"Thou art abandoned by all good spirits!" cried Satanella. "Thou art now the slave of the fiend!"

But the moment neared when, so far from destroying Rupert, she herself was saved.

Leila, in despair, and crying that whither he went she would follow, sought to obtain her desire by means of self-destruction; and, snatching Rupert's poniard, from its sheath, she was only saved from the rash act by Satanella herself.

"And is it possible," cried Satanella, "that these human mortals can love so sublimely?" Then, looking up, she cried, "You are saved, good Rupert!" and, so saying, she burst the compact which bound the Count to perdition. "Good-bye; my lot is forgetfulness and despair. Begone—begone! They come for me!"

She sank weeping upon her knees as Leila whispered, "Let us hurry to the chapel, and pray for her. Quick!—quick!"

They fled, leaving her upon her knees.

She was safe already, for she had wept in her repentance. Love had saved her, as it has preserved, and will preserve, millions. In vain the evil presences surge about her. Slowly, but surely, their power ceases, and the redeemed spirit of Satanella floats placidly towards the empyrean, saved from endless death by love—preserved for ceaseless life and happiness!

MAKING LOVE.—There is no such process as *making* love. The article cannot be manufactured. It is the spontaneous growth of the heart. Or rather it springs from a spiritual seed planted in a warm material soil, and is half a passion-flower and half a heavenly exotic. As the soul survives the body, so the divine essence of love survives its passional instinct. This is always the case where the sentiment is genuine. But, unfortunately, spurious love is as common as spurious money, and as frequently passes current. Many men fancy themselves deeply in love, who have not the slightest idea of what the feeling, in its purity and plenitude, really is. Such persons mistake mere passion for affection. Their love, as they call it, lacks the divine leaven. It is coarse, selfish, unregulated, and being wholly "of the earth, earthy," is sure to be ephemeral. No true woman was ever made permanently happy by such love as this; but, alas! how many place faith in it, and after giving in exchange for it all the wealth of their hearts, find too late that they have made a blind and thriftless bargain.

BE GENTLEMEN AT HOME.—It is cruel and cowardly in any man to speak to the woman under his own roof in a manner that would forever disgrace him, if heard under any other. And yet how many do it, alas! and even go their ways after it, selfishly forgetting the tears and the bitterness they have caused, and selfishly expecting, if they remember it at all, that on their return the domestic sky will be without a cloud. More the pity when it is! Then, indeed, is there danger in the air; for then too often comes deceit, and hypocrisy, and indifference.

THE REVIEWER.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGU, with a Preface by R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL.D. Some of the most celebrated men and women of England, during the reign of George the First, are introduced into this work, and life-like portraits given of them by one who knew them well, and who describes them as he found them. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

From W. B. Zieber, 921 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, we have received the American editions of the following foreign periodicals, reprinted by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, New York:

The Westminster Review, for April, 1874.

The British Quarterly Review, for April, 1874.

The London Quarterly Review, for April, 1874.

The Edinburgh Review, for April, 1874.

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, for May, 1874.

We have also received from T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia, the following:

THE BRIGAND; or, the Demon of the North. By VICTOR HUGO, author of "Les Miserables," "Ninety-three," etc.; and

MARTIN, the Foundling, or the Adventures of a Valet-de-Chambre, full of large illustrations. By EUGENE SUE, author of "The Wandering Jew," "The Mysteries of Paris," etc.

COOKERY IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

We do not intend to speak of the times when the *entremets* of chivalry formed one of the principal features of a feast,—when the wine, ale and ypocras were measured by tuns; the wheat by quarters; and the oxen, wild bulls, porks, muttons, &c., by hundreds, as at the great entertainment given by Archbishop Neville, in the time of Edward IV. We shall not examine the state of the culinary art at so remote a period as that, but at the no more removed distance than the seventeenth century.

The habits of the middle ages continued still to possess some influence—the quantity, the variety and the quality of the food were yet remarkable. "Porpoises and seals," wild boars dressed whole, elephantine masses of beef, entire gammons of bacon, "peacocks," (whose sauce was "wine and salt,") herons, hedgehogs, leeches, and other incongruous and unattractive dainties, figured on the board. The curious reader may, on this point, consult with advantage "A proper new Booke of Cookery," printed in 1575. It would be matter for curious speculation to inquire whether this work were the *vade mecum* of the cooks in the taverns frequented by the poets and wits of the day. In that case, Shakspeare might, like his own Macbeth, have "supp'd full of horrors," and Jonson—the rare Ben Jonson—have gleaned from the bill of fare the "calver'd salmon," the "beards of barbels," the "salads of oil'd mushrooms," and all the other dainty dishes on which Sir Epicure Mammon dwells so approvingly.

The terms of carving alone afford us an abstract of the meats which were most esteemed. Take, for instance, the following: "Disfigure that peacocke;" "Undertench the porpus;" "Spaul that hen;" "Break the deer;" "Side the haddock;" and "Sift that swan." More genuine delicacies were, however, admitted, as in the directions to "Chine a salmon," "Sauce a capon," "Barb a lobster," "Tame a crab," "Rear a goose," "Tire an egg," "Mince a plover," "Allay a pheasant," "Embrace a mallard," and "Unlace a coney."

A dinner, in the reign of Charles the First, consisted of, imprimis, "A soupe of swayles, a powdered goose, a joll of salmon, and a dish of green fish buttered, with eggs." This was a first course. Then came "A Lombard pye, a cow's udder roasted, a grand boyled meat, a hedgehog pudding, a rabbit stuffed with oysters, Polonian sausages, a mallard with cabbedge, and a pair of boyled cocks." To these succeeded "A spinage-tart, a carbonaded hen, a pye of aloes, eggs in moonshine, christial jelly, jumballs, quidany, bragget, and wallnut suckets." Ale, surfeit-water, Canary, sack, and Gascony wines, served to moisten this heterogeneous repast.

FALSE HEARTS.—People often speak of false hair. We do not fancy it. Braid it, curl it, crimp it, friz it, do it up as you may, it is always a hair's breadth from the true thing. But, objectional as false hair is, there is something much worse; and that is a false heart. He who carries a false heart, bears within himself a heavy burden. He is an enemy to others, but he is a worse enemy to himself. He betrays others, but he betrays himself still more deeply. He may injure another temporarily and slightly; he injures himself permanently, and with all who know him. People presently see that he is the natural enemy of all mankind; and all mankind instinctively become enemies to him.

But, after all, people are true or false more from the promptings of instinct than from any reasoning on the advantages of the one, or the disadvantages of the other. The serpent stings the bosom that warms him, because he is a serpent. On the other hand, the little untutored child who took off his own coat and spread it over his still younger brother when the two were perishing together of cold in the woods, was prompted by no reasoning—by no consideration of advantage to himself—but by the irresistible impulse of a pure and noble heart. Such examples, though rare, are sufficient to make the whole of this dark world brighter.

WE seek to judge those only whom we regard not; all connected with those we love is held sacred; to endeavor to penetrate into their characters or intentions would seem a profanation.

Fraud Loves a Shining Mark.

A great medicine is always a target for fraud. Shallow cheats, without the talent to originate anything useful, or the decency to permit an article of superior excellence to perform its mission, without striving to turn a dishonest penny by attempting to substitute trash in its place, are now engaged in imitating and counterfeiting Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the most popular tonic and restorative in the civilized world. A brood of local bitters, mixtures of damaged drugs with worse liquor, has cropped out all over the country. Although the sales of these pernicious slops are too insignificant to affect the interests of a staple remedy, it seems a duty to warn the public against them. The color of the true specific may be simulated, but its cures of dyspepsia, liver complaint, rheumatism, intermittent fever, constipation, nervous debility, &c., cannot be imitated.

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PHILADELPHIA
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Robt. Jarvis C. Walker,
Editor and Proprietor.

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Saturday Evening, July 18, 1874.

CUSTOM.

If "conscience does make cowards of us all," as Hamlet tells us, certain it is that many of the miseries of human life are largely increased by our cowardly submission to the tyrant, Custom. The philosopher believes that our ills are few indeed, which laws cannot cause or cure; but he does not venture to include Custom. The necessity of doing the usual thing—that is, of following the precedents laid down by the great mass of society, adds very much to those evils to which flesh is heir. The dull man makes a great point of fully attiring himself in a dress suit of black broadcloth, in order to dine with fourteen other men upon a hot midsummer night, and yet two-thirds of all those present (taking a generous average) are sensible persons, and notwithstanding their personal discipline, have to do the like. It takes a man of genius resolutely to refuse to put himself to this inconvenience, even where only men are concerned.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

There is a well-known story of a Dutch boy who, when a small stream began to dribble through a little hole in the dyke, stopped it up with his finger until better means came, and so prevented the inundation, which else would have broken down the barriers and swept over the country in universal desolation and disaster. This was one of the small beginnings of things, so easy to arrest in the outset, so difficult nay, impossible to overcome when once the barriers have been forced and the floods suffered to pour forth. And we are all able, like the Dutch lad, to stop up the primary hole through which the fatal drops are beginning to trickle, if only we pay attention to the warning, and take care to prevent the terrible end while we can. But it unfortunately happens that presence of mind is not always ready at the proper moment; or if it is, in fact, it is not directed to the channel it should be bent upon; and hence the opportunity is lost, never to be recalled.

There is not one person now reading these words who is not conscious for his or her own part of the present tyranny of habits, one or more, which once could have been checked as easily as the Dutch boy stopped the deluge of waters. Now, not the hands of many strong men could hold back what the little finger of a lad would once have been sufficient to overcome. Lives have been wasted, families have been ruined, interest neglected, duties sacrificed, all for the arbitrary requirements of habit. No man gets up one morning a full-blown drunkard, a confirmed gambler, an irredeemable scoundrel anyhow. He begins, then he goes on, and then he gets fixed and confirmed; at the end, if you will, he is immovable; but in the beginning he and his habits were plastic, and the latter were weak and might have been crushed like a newly hatched crocodile, if only he would have set his heel on them. We may be sure that the small beginnings of all things have to be most carefully considered, and their growth guarded against if that growth would be an evil.

REJECTED GEMS.

It is a matter of history that some of the finest poetry ever written has had a narrow escape from the "limbo of things lost on earth." The greatest poet that ever lived came within an ace of being the "*mute, inglorious* Milton;" for his almost divine epic found little favor with the booksellers of his day, and was finally sold for about the sum which a first-class poet of the present day would expect for a poem of forty or fifty lines. In that day, as in ours, every leading publishing-house "kept a critic," on whose decision the fate of an author's manuscript depended; and then, as now, the "readers" of such establishments sometimes made terrible mistakes.

It is our deliberate opinion that had the "Paradise Lost" been submitted to certain regularly employed critics of the present time, instead of the Grub street gentlemen of the Seventeenth Century, it would have been pronounced, as of yore, a "dull and tedious production." Byron, as we all know, was mercilessly snubbed by the literary Jupiter of the Edinburgh Review; and the Rev. Charles Wolfe's exquisite "Ode on the Burial of Sir John Moore," was so scornfully rejected by a leading periodical of the time, that the author, in sending it to a provincial Irish newspaper, timidly withheld his name, lest he should be cauterized by the press.

But the Public, a better critic than any cynic in "foolscap uniform turned up with ink," unexpectedly franked him for immortality. There is an enormous amount of humbug in modern criticism—quite as much as in the criticism of days gone by. The fact is, that the ability to decide intelligently whether a work will succeed or fail, is not an art but a *gift*—and very few possess it. Mere *book men* know very little about the tastes of the community. If you want an "opinion that shall really be an opinion," on what you have written, go to a man who understands human nature; and though he may never have seen the inside of a college, he will be apt to tell you truly how the world will receive your offering.

TWO STRINGS TO HER BOW.

BY LAURA SHARP.

The delicate fragrance of hot-house flowers floated through the half-lighted parlors like reminiscences of the "sweet south, breathing upon a bank of violets," although the matter-of-fact almanack stolidly persisted in pointing out December as the month, and the thermometer without stood uncomfortably near zero. But the vases on either side of the fireplace were filled with roses and heliotrope, fresh from the tropic warmth of conservatories, and a single dazzling japonica, gleamed, like carved pearl, among the jetty folds of Ella Wardlaw's hair, as she stood smiling, listening to the regretful farewells of him whom the world called her lover.

"Good-bye, Ella; I shall come again very soon."

Miss Wardlaw's heart throbbed high. Charles Forrest had never before called her "Ella;" and she felt triumphantly conscious that her proud beauty had very nearly brought him to the "proposing point." One or two more such vigorous sieges, and the fortress would be her own.

She sank, yawning, on a sofa, as the front door closed behind her lover, and clasped her white hands carelessly over her head, the crimson lips apart, and the veined lids drooping over eyes that were full of smothered fire—the very impersonation of a lovely syren, whose vocation it was to conquer hearts by the score, and carry them about with her, as trophies of her coquette lures!

"Mrs. Charles Forrest," she repeated to herself—"that doesn't sound so very badly, does it? particularly as the aforesaid Mrs. Charles Forrest will step into a mansion, a carriage, and a perfect carcanet of family diamonds! Yes, I believe he is safely entrapped, and if I play my cards as well as I can do, the matter will be settled within three days! Heigho! this husband-hunting is a wearisome business, after all; and rather hazardous, unless one is very skilful. That reminds me," she added, starting suddenly up, and throwing off her soft languor as one might lay aside a useless garment, "I must write to Ralph Thornby to-night. If the love-stricken wretch should fulfil his hinted intimation of coming to see me, it might possibly be awkward. Poor, dear Ralph!" continued the beauty, with curling lip, as she opened her dainty writing-desk, and selected a sheet of rose-colored paper, redolent of some faint Parisian perfume,—"what a gallant he was! I really liked the handsome boy; but Charles Forrest is rich, and that must decide matters, for such an extravagant little body as I am can't live without money. I am sorry, though, that I wrote Ralph that very sentimental letter; but that was when I supposed he was the best investment I could make of my precious self. But I'll sprinkle cold water on the flame of his love, before the affair becomes any more serious. I wonder," pursued Ella, biting the end of her pen thoughtfully, "whether I must leave off flirting when I'm married to Charles. I do like this driving three or four lovers in hand, I confess; it's splendid fun! Eleven o'clock! can it be possible that it is so late? I must make haste and finish the tiresome letter, and then to bed, to dream of diamonds and carriages!"

It was nearly twelve, however, and the fire had burnt very low, before Ella finished the carefully-worded note, and sealed it with a fairy-like device of entangled initials in pink wax. For Ella was exquisitely fastidious and elaborate in all her doings, even down to her flirtations.

The beautiful coquette, with her drooping eyelids, and voice attuned to the sweetest and softest key—one would not have thought, as she placed that letter on the marble mantel, that she *knew* its contents were to break the heart of a noble and true-souled man! But, patience, Ella Wardlaw—your day of retribution will arrive yet!

When Charles Forrest descended the steps of the Wardlaw's dwelling, and walked down the lighted street, he felt dizzy and happy, like the voyager who steers his bark away from the soft, bewildering fragrance of lotus-blossomed isles in the far East. The syren's spell was on him—and yet some warning and watchful pulse, down deep in his heart, kept beating the old, incomprehensible tune, "Beware, beware!"

Onward he passed through the noisy tumult of Broadway, until he paused where the brilliant lights from a great hotel threw a line of radiance out to the very middle of the street.

"Forrest! my dear fellow! can it be possible that this is you?" suddenly exclaimed a voice.

"Myself, and no other, Thornby, for I conclude it is either you or your ghost. But I thought you were safely settled in college; studying divinity, instead of ——"

"Instead of running wild about the country, you were going to say. But I have granted myself a temporary holiday to—— Pshaw, I can't tell you about it here; come up to my room, and we'll have a chat."

The delightful little impromptu supper was over, and the two gentlemen were smoking cigars, when Thornby abruptly plunged into the subject which was uppermost in his mind.

"Charley, I'm in love!"

"You are? My dear fellow, so am I!"

"I am glad of that, because you can sympathize with me. I have come here expressly to see her, and have the day fixed for the wedding."

"I haven't got quite so far as that!" said Forrest, smiling.

"But, Charley, she is the loveliest creature that the sun ever shone on—an angel—a divinity ——"

"Hold on, Ralph—not *quite* the loveliest I trust; for the lady whom I worship is alone entitled to that superlative degree of praise!"

"You're in love too, my dear boy, so I'll excuse any little symptoms of insanity," rejoined Thornby, laughing; "but really, if you could see Ella—— Stay! I believe I've got her picture somewhere about me!"

He searched eagerly in his pockets, while Forrest repeated the soft name.

"Ella? Why, that is the name of the young lady whom I admire so much; and, by Jove!" he added, as Thornby unclasped a little velvet miniature case, and held it towards him, "that is the very face! You don't mean to say you are engaged to *her*?"

"To be sure I am! What do you mean? Surely there is some mistake? I can show you her last letter!"

He drew out the self-same "very sentimental" epistle to which Miss Wardlaw had referred in her unuttered soliloquy. Forrest glanced over it with bewildered eyes, and then biting his white lip until the blood started, took from his own pocket-book a prettily-worded note from Ella, which he had received that morning.

"The handwriting is precisely similar. Ralph, we are both the dupes of an artful, unprincipled girl. This same Ella Wardlaw, while she is corresponding with you in this impassioned strain, is doing her best to lure me on to a proposal!"

"It cannot be," gasped Ralph, feeling as if he were in a dream.

"But I know it to be so! Heavens! what a narrow escape I have had! And you also, Thornby, should rejoice at your escape from the wiles of a false-hearted coquette!"

Still Ralph Thornby repeated, between his teeth, "I will not believe it. Ellen is truth itself!"

"Shall we put it to the test?" asked Forrest, rather indignantly.

"Do what you please. I will stake my life on her single-mindedness."

Forrest took up a pen, and dashed off a hurried proposal in form.

"There! I will send this to-morrow morning, with a request for an immediate answer. When that answer comes, will you believe its testimony?"

Thornby nodded, but the hand which lay upon Charles Forrest's was cold and damp as marble.

"Good-night, then, my dear fellow," said Forrest, as he rose to take leave. "I am sorry for you from the very bottom of my heart, for you feel this more deeply than I can do!"

But Thornby did not answer. Could it be possible that his worshipped idol was slipping slowly but surely from her high pedestal? Then what remained on earth to trust?

Head and heart both ached sadly that night, but the weariness of travel was nothing to the sick sensation of distrust and apprehension that had taken possession of his mind. Therefore, it happened that he was still lounging over his almost untasted breakfast, when Charles Forrest was announced by a waiter.

"Well?" was his greeting.

Forrest replied: "I despatched my missive, and here is the answer. See, the seal is yet unbroken — we will peruse it together."

It was a skilfully-written note of glad acceptance. Ella wrote that "she had long loved Mr. Forrest—that her greatest happiness through life would be to secure his contentment"—with a variety of charming little addenda, such as, yesterday, would have filled Charles Forrest's heart with rapture. *Now*, they were false, idle rhapsodies!

"Are you convinced?" was Forrest's simple question, as the letter dropped from his companion's trembling hand.

"I am. It has been a pleasant dream, but I am effectually roused at last. Charley, I have been a fool—a dupe!"

"And so have I, Ralph. Just give me that enthusiastic love-letter you showed me last night?"

"What for?"

Charley made no reply, but he took the letter from Thornby's unresisting hand, and folding it with the note of acceptance he had just received, wrote one line on the margin, —"The compliments of Messrs. Thornby and Forrest"—and enclosed both in one envelope, directed to Miss Wardlaw.

"There!" he said, quietly. "When she receives this, she will see that her carefully-arranged plans are disconcerted."

Ella Wardlaw was practising a difficult Italian sonata as the eventful note was handed her. She tore it hurriedly open, and gazed with wide-open bewildered eyes, upon the enclosures. The next instant they fell from her nerveless fingers—she had fainted, for the first and last time in her life.

Years have passed since then. Ralph Thornby is married to a lovely young heiress; Charles Forrest has a blooming wife, and two rosy little girls; but Ella Wardlaw is a hopeless old maid, with not the faintest chance of a husband. She says she never intended to marry—but we've heard old maids say that before!

BY THE SEA-SHORE.

As we stand on the beach and gaze seaward, dark blue waves, with their crested tops, lashing each other in seeming rage, rising and falling with deep and regular undulations, meet the eye. One wave follows another in quick succession, pushing up the shelving beach until reaching a certain point, then receding; while another, rushing forward, fills its comrade's place, and meets its comrade's fate.

Gulls sail in mid-air, now and then dive downwards, pause for a moment, half immersed, then rising, shake the spray from off their plumage, and speed away on rapid wing. Green sea-weed moves hither and thither, playing in the circling eddies. The fresh breeze kisses every wave-top, and seemingly lingers to whistle a gay hornpipe to the sportive porpoise that gambols on the surface. Our every step upon the beach crushes some beautifully-shaped shells of variegated colors.

Stepping into a boat, we "spread the sails to the deep," and are soon scudding over the waves—now rushing up the incline of a billow, then gliding swiftly downward, pausing a moment in the trough of the sea, then rising again, ever dashing onward. The moon, coming out from a cloud to which it adds a "silver lining," smiles along the crest of each majestic billow, and lights up the eddying ripples as they whirl away. The soft breeze fans our cheek, and hums a melody amongst the rigging, which seems to accord with the music of the water against the prow, as the divided waves ripple by the sides, leaving us with a gurgling murmur of discontent, for in our rear we leave a wake glistening in phosphorescent beauty.

Again we stand on shore, and, listening intently, hear low, murmuring sounds coming from afar. Gazing upward, we see black clouds scudding along the sky, and find that the mellow light of the moonbeams is replaced by murky darkness. The low, murmuring sounds become more and more distinct, and finally break into a hoarse roar, followed by loud peals of thunder which crash and rumble along the archway of the heavens. Now and then the murky darkness is lit by vivid flashes of lightning. The waves are flecked with foam, and, as they come rushing, leaping, surging, tumbling shoreward, they hiss and growl like demons. The dazzling spray is thrown high in air by the howling blasts, as they plow along the wave-tops, and go whistling through the chinks and crevices among the rocks. All seems lost in chaos—a boiling, seething chaos of waters.

Such is the sea when calm and quiet, and when maddened by the storm-winds. At first filling one with a sense of its calm beauty, and then again creating wonder at its grandeur and its might.

(From the "Virginia People," Newbury, Pulaski Co., Virginia.)

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NIPPETETUCKET.

A Fairy Story for Little Folks.

BY MYRTLE BLOSSOM.

I had once a young friend who was an excellent little boy, but had several small, but troublesome, bad habits. One of these habits was leaving every door open. Another was stamping on the stairs. Another was waking up the baby. Another was forgetting what his mamma told him to do, or not to do. Another was fretting whenever things did not run smoothly.

Now just imagine what lecturing, and reproving, and fault-finding there must have been in a house with a little boy and all these bad habits. My young friend felt that he was a very miserable little boy indeed, as often as six times a day; and though he did not think about giving up any of his bad habits, he thought that people were very disagreeable to make him so much trouble about them, and often wished that he could live in a place where there was no fault-finding and no scolding.

One morning he woke up bright and early, and lay thinking in his bed. The night before, he had fallen into deep disgrace, and his mamma had not kissed him when she said good-night. Naturally, he remembered this first in the morning; but while he thought it over, something very strange happened; for, looking up, what should he see but a little man sitting astride on the bedpost, who looked as if he was made out of solid gold, and who smoked a small pipe that looked like gold also!

"What is your name?" asked our boy.

"Nippetetucket!" answered the little man, puffing at his pipe.

"And where do you come from?" asked my young friend.

"From a country where everybody does as he likes, and nobody scolds," answered Nippetetucket. "Should you like to go there?"

"I think I should," cried the boy, jumping up and hurrying on his clothes, lest anybody should wake up and stop him.

When he was dressed, Nippetetucket motioned to the boy to follow him to the roof, and in some way they stepped from the roof right into a country the boy had never seen before, but which was certainly very beautiful. Here they walked along very well together, till, of a sudden, Nippetetucket gave our young friend a tremendous box on the ear.

"What is that for?" asked the boy, much astonished.

"Oh, nothing!" said Nippetetucket. "It is only a way I have: a habit of mine. I like to see how astonished people will look. Every one does as they like here, you know."

"I should think it was a very bad way," muttered the boy, and walked on, sulky enough, till Nippetetucket proposed breakfast; and taking out a little stove, a cook, and pots and pans, all looking like himself, as if made of gold, he set them on the grass.

"What would you like for breakfast? You can have anything you like," said Nippetetucket.

Our boy thought a minute, and said he should like hot rolls and poached eggs. Then the cook made up a fire, and put on her pots and pans, and set out a little table for the two. But instead of saying hot rolls and poached eggs when the cook asked what they would have, Nippetetucket said biscuits and sausages.

"No, no!" said our boy. "I did not say that."

"Sure enough," returned Nippetetucket. "That is too bad, for we can only give one order to our cooks. But you see I have a habit of forgetting."

"A very bad habit, I think," said the boy. "You ought to try and do better."

"Oh, we do as we like here," said Nippetetucket.

Just then, a little bird began to sing delightfully. Our boy had never heard such music in his life, and he almost forgot that he could not eat the hard biscuit and sausage.

But in the very middle of the lovely song, Nippetetucket began to fret and complain.

"Oh, dear! I have burnt my tongue! The coffee was too hot! Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

"Do be still," said the boy, "and let me hear the bird. What is the use of scolding and fretting? That won't help your tongue."

"I have a habit of fretting and scolding. What right have you to interfere with my habits in a country where every one does as he likes? I don't care for the bird. I have heard him before. Oh, dear! oh, dear! how I did burn my tongue!"

In short, he made it impossible for the boy to hear the wonderful bird at all.—Worn out with so many vexations, our boy laid himself down to sleep awhile, and had just commenced a charming dream, when he was waked in a fright by a horrible noise; and jumping up, found that Nippetetucket was beating in a dreadful way on a drum.

"I should think you could let me sleep half an hour at least," exclaimed the boy, very angry.

"Oh," said Nippetetucket. "I always want to beat my drum when I see people asleep. I think it is fun. It is a habit of mine."

"Then," said the boy, "I think it is a pity that nobody will break you of your bad habits, for they make you the most disagreeable person I ever saw!"

"If that is your opinion," answered Nippetetucket, "you had better go back to your own country."

And in the twinkling of an eye, our boy found himself back in his bed, and very glad he was to get there.

LEGENDS OF THE ROSES.

There is an old legend which says that Eve brought the Rose out of Eden with her. It has always been a favorite flower with the Jews. In later times the Rose of Jericho has usurped the place of affection so long held by that of Sharon. This rose is a native of Arabia Petrea, and opens only in fine weather. It also possesses in a remarkable degree a reviving power, and can recover its life when to all appearance dead; hence the Jews use it as a symbol of the resurrection. A Mexican plant, possessing the same wonderful tenacity of life, is constantly for sale in the streets of New York. The White Rose has always been sacred to the Virgin Mary, and, mingled with the cross, it was the device of Luther and also of the Rosicrucians. The Red Rose is the emblem of love and also of silence, because Cupid gave it to Harpocrates, the god of silence; hence it was often placed over the doors of guest rooms, to signify that perfect freedom of conversation might be indulged in "under the rose," for nothing so said was to be repeated. And as stratagem delights in silence as well as love, the Romans placed it on their shields. Over Greek, Roman, and Chinese graves it is a frequent emblem, and the Turks will not suffer a red one to lie on the ground since the days it was colored by the blood of Mohammed. The Arabians have a legend of a garden of roses planted by King Shaddad, and now buried in the desert, which is analogous in many respects to the Garden of Eden. Throughout Southern and Central Europe it is used in love-spells and divination. One common German superstition is to name rose leaves, and then throw them into a basin of clean water. The leaf which sinks last is to be husband or wife of the inquirer. Another superstition is to throw rose leaves on hot coals; the burning fragrance is thought to attract good fortune. White roses blooming at an unexpected time are believed in England to denote a death in the family of the owner, and red ones a marriage. As the lily is the emblem of France, so the rose is of England, where it assumes more of an historical than sacred character.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

BY GRACE GARLAND.

When the wild waves of passion tumultuously roll,
Transforming to darkness the God-graven soul,
Oh, why will we ignore, with life-long regret,
The beautiful motto, "Forgive and forget?"

It comes not of earth—'tis from angels above,
Where beatific joy reigns supremely in love;
And would we unite in their heavenly banquet,
Let us heed the pure precept, "Forgive and forget."

To angels on high is the loved mission given,
Of wiseing our wayward and weak souls to Heaven;
But ere this may be, let us bear in mind yet,
We must both preach and *practice* "Forgive and forget."

BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE.

BY L. E. P.

The path of life meanders through a bright and beautiful world; a world where the fragrant flowers of friendship, nourished by the gentle dews of sympathy and the warm sunlight of affection, bloom in perennial beauty. But through this bright world there flows a stream whose turbid waters cross and recross the path of every pilgrim—it is the stream of human suffering.

Nearly six thousand years have passed since it flowed out through Eden's gate, yet it still rolls onward, ever becoming broader and deeper. Its sources are hidden in the inmost recesses of human hearts, and its tributaries flow out from every hearthstone in the land. Man strives in vain to check its progress—it is uncontrollable.

Science and art may press into their service all the blind forces of Nature. They may unite distant places by parallel bands of iron, and cause the never-tiring locomotives swiftly to speed from the eastern to the western sea. With lightning-like rapidity they may send messages of hope or tidings of despair through air and ocean. They may even go beyond these, and determine the nature of the very elements which compose the heavenly bodies. But, when they seek to stop the flow of this mighty stream, they are confronted by the mandate, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further."

Education has done much to overcome the evils of ignorance and barbarism, but it has also done much to increase our capacity for suffering. We are now surrounded by the advantages and comforts of civilization; but are we happier than were our ancestors in ruder times? If we look about us to-day and mark the varied expressions upon the faces of those we meet, *we* shall see lines of care which speak in language too plain to be misunderstood. They tell of youthful dreams unrealized; of hopes blasted by the frosts of time; of broken ties of friendship, and of sad, aching hearts. Other lines there are, which tell of sorrows too deep for utterance; sorrows which are denied even the consolation of human sympathy. They tell of hearts which have reached the acme of human suffering, and of times when the soul has despairingly recoiled from the burdens of existence.

One who has reached this dark point still goes on through life, and his nearest friends little imagine, as they warmly press his hands, that from him have departed all the light and beauty of existence. They little think, as they look on his familiar face, that those beaming smiles disguise the emotions of a breaking heart; and when his gay laugh rings out on the air, they dream not that to him it is the knell of departed hopes.

In view of these mournful facts, we may well pause to ask, "For what purpose are these trials sent?" They must be for good; and yet how hard it is to recognize as a blessing the blow which crushes the dearest aspirations of the soul. Yet these sufferings tend to promote our highest interests. They raise us above self; they awaken our tenderest sympathies; and they call into action the highest and noblest impulses of our nature. The depth of the sufferings which we ourselves have endured is, in most cases, the measure of our sympathy for others, and the power of the temptations we have met as surely measures our charity for those who have yielded.

Many of us to-day are just entering upon the duties of active life. The volume of the future lies unopened before us. Its covers are illuminated by the pictures of fancy, and its edges are gleaming with the golden tints of hope. Vainly we strive to loose its wondrous clasp—'tis a task which none but the hand of Time can accomplish.

But 'tis not so with the record of the past. That is accessible to all. On its tear-stained pages the bitter lessons of experience are indelibly written.

READING ALOUD.

We think it is much to be regretted that this charming accomplishment of reading aloud is not more cultivated by ladies. You see half-a-dozen girls in a family, whether they are musical or not, doomed to hours of daily practice on the piano, which is, in fact, so many hours of precious time wasted. How few ever play sufficiently well to be listened to with pleasure; and many of those who do play decently give it up as soon as they are married. We are not speaking against music—let those who have a real taste devote themselves to it—but, certainly, it ought not to be viewed as an educational necessity, like geography or natural history.

But, to read well, a certain amount of study is requisite; first of all, it is necessary to acquire a habit of sustaining the voice; then, one must learn to modulate the tones, to attend to punctuation, and, above all, the reader must have a fair appreciation of the author's meaning. This involves a study of English literature which is sadly needed by most young ladies who are supposed to have finished their education. It is impossible to estimate sufficiently the importance of reading aloud in the family circle. Children are wonderfully impressed by *hearing* poetry; their tastes are formed, and their minds stored with knowledge, often far beyond their years, if they have been brought up where the English classics are read aloud and talked aloud. And in after-life, how often amidst turmoil and trouble, some scrap of poetry or prose comes back to us in the tones in which we heard it read. Some noble sentiment—some pure thought—is thus for ever associated with "the tender grace of a day that is dead," and with "the sound of a voice that is still."

News of Interest

IN Naples, a barber will shave, cut hair, comb, brush, black boots and give you a cigar and call it square for ten cents.

LONDON tailors actually propose to demand payment for clothes on delivery, and the swell of the period characterises the innovation as a beastly republican sort of thing.

ACCORDING to a local journal, the rattlesnakes in the knobs of Lincoln county, Kentucky, have formed a "corner" in water, and the supply of some families is cut off. They gather in large numbers around the springs, and will allow no one to approach them.

LOVE'S SEASONS.—There are four seasons in love. First comes love before betrothal, or spring; then comes the summer, more ardent and fierce, which lasts from our betrothal to the altar; the third, the rich laden, soft, dreamy autumn, the honeymoon; and after it, the winter, bright, clear winter, when you take shelter by your fireside from the cold world without, and find every comfort and every pleasure there.

MOSQUITOS.—Camphor is recommended as valuable for the expulsion of mosquitos from a house. It is used as follows:—Take of gum camphor a piece about the size of a walnut, and evaporate it by placing it in a tin vessel and holding it over a lamp, taking care that it does not ignite; the smoke will soon fill the room, and expel the mosquitos, and not one will be found in the room the next morning, even though the windows are left open all night.

ONE day last week a professional gambler went into a faro room in Chicago, to play an engagement with the tiger. He commenced playing, lost, won, lost again, continued losing, and finally, at the end of fifty hours, he ceased playing, being then out of pocket to the amount of $11,000. During this session of fifty hours the game was unbroken. The gambler never slept for a moment, never stopped to eat a meal, but carried the whole tremendous enterprise through without rest, cessation, or refreshment.

MEDICINE men among the Indians occasionally have a chance to know how it is themselves. Little Joe did. He doctored a fellow-redskin to death near Big Pine, Colorado, and the rest of the tribe became huffy, and made him take the same dosing he had given the dead Sapsey. And then, because the medicine didn't work in the same way, and kill Little Joe, they stoned and stabbed him until he was dead. This was all done on the ground that any doctor who cannot cure ought to be killed. How would this rule answer hereabouts?

IN Brittany there is said to prevail a very curious matrimonial custom. On certain fete-days the young ladies appear in red petticoats, with white or yellow borders around them. The number denotes the portion the father is willing to give his daughter. Each white band, representing silver, betokens one hundred francs of rent, and each yellow band denotes gold, and stands for a thousand francs a year. Thus, a young farmer who sees a face that pleases him, has only to glance at the trimmings of the petticoats to learn in an instant what amount accompanies the wearer.

A HALE and hearty old gentleman living in Georgia, is the proud father of thirteen handsome daughters. He buys clothing for them by the wholesale. Thus, when he last went shopping, he bought 370 yards of calico, 100 yards of lawn, thirteen corsets, twenty-six pairs of shoes, and other goods in proportion. Unlike many fathers who have only one daughter, he paid cash for all his purchases. Though an old man, he had never bought a bushel of corn or a pound of meat, but raised them himself. He has never sworn an oath, and does not owe a dollar. A pattern of industry, evidently.

WHEN the late King of the Sandwich Islands was gathered to his fathers, he was buried in a feather cloaking which had passed down to him through generations of royal chieftains. When the remains were to be placed in the coffin, and were removed from the feather robe on which they had laid in state, his aged father commanded that the body be buried in the robe, as the dead king, his son, was the last of the family, and to him, therefore, it belonged. It will cost more than $100,000 to replace this robe, if it ever is replaced, for one million of birds, possessed of rare red and yellow plumage, were caught to furnish the material of which it was made.

THE first of the new invention for getting rid of the sea motion in the channel passage will be ready for launching, at Blackwell, on the second of July. Captain Dicey's idea of twin ships, connected by an arch throughout, and worked by paddles, in what may be called the tunnel between the two keels, has been very ably carried out by the naval architect of the company. Should the experiment prove successful, the short rolls, or chops of the cross seas, will be counterbalanced by the double keel, while the pitching may be overcome to a great extent by the length of the vessel. The Countess of Granville will perform the christening ceremony, and in her honor it is proposed to name the new steamer the *Ostalia*.

A MODEL duel recently came off at Ottawa, Canada. Two journeymen tailors having indulged in what Mr. Dick Swiveller politely calls "the rosy," quarrelled, and caused their employer considerable annoyance. After he had tried in vain to reconcile them, he produced a pair of rusty pistols, and persuaded the belligerents to fight it out "like gentlemen." Having got the knights of the shears out in the yard, he placed them back to back, capped the pistols, and told them they must walk ten paces, then turn and fire. The couple proceeded to pace, but the courage of one oozed out so rapidly that he never turned round at all. When last seen, he was keeping straight on, at a rapid rate, and in a frightened condition.

A FEW days since a young couple registered their intentions to get married, at the City Clerk's office, in Portland, Maine. The clerk recorded their names in due form, gave them a little of that excellent advice of which he has so bountiful a store, and pocketed the fee. Soon after the intending woman told a friend that she was married and living with her husband. On inquiry, she described the ceremony that the clerk went through when she was, as she supposed, united to her true-love, in the bonds of matrimony. At this recital she was informed that she had only been "registered," and could not be married until she had received her certificate. This made trouble in the young woman's mind, and she at once started for her bereft husband, and broke the awful intelligence to him. He was thunderstruck, and the once happy couple are debating what they will do about it.

OVER THE WAY.

BY M. E. SMITH.

A low-roofed house in the shadow of trees,
The coolest ever seen;
Sweet woodbines lattice the rustic porch,
With roses glinting between;
'Tis a home where fairy forms may dwell,
Such fairies as Jessie May,
With merry blue eyes and golden hair,
Mocking me over the way.

All day long from the maple boughs,
In the gladsome time of June,
Come floating down, from each leafy crown,
Rich, tremulous waves of tune.
I listen to sweeter sounds than these,
Oft carolled by Jessie May;
My heart has long been sold for a song,
Low-warbled across the way.

Oh, Cupid bold, your paws unfold,
In the notes of each simple lay;
I'm silent and sad, else merry and glad,
As the melody over the way.

As we stood 'mong the clover blossoms red,
When the harvest moon was bright,
The old, old story was told again,
In the hush of summer's night.
All I asked in return for my love
Was the heart of sweet Jessie May
"Oh, long ago," she whispered low,
"I lost it over the way."
Poor Cupid, blind, did it end to your mind,
The game you intended to play?
Your terrible darts have broken no hearts,
Exchanging them over the way.

EARNING A WIFE.

BY J. H. SMITH.

"And so you want to marry my daughter, young man," said Farmer Burton, removing the pipe from his mouth, and looking at the young fellow sharply from head to toe.

Despite his rather indolent, effeminate air, which was mainly the result of his education, Luke Jordan was a fine-looking fellow, and not easily moved from his self-possession, but he colored and grew confused beneath that sharp, scrutinizing look.

"Yes, sir. I spoke to Miss Mary last evening, and she—she referred me to you."

The old man's face softened.

"Molly is a good girl, a very good girl," he said, stroking his chin with a thoughtful air, "and she deserves a good husband. What can you do?"

The young man looked rather blank at this abrupt inquiry.

"If you refer to my ability to support a wife, I can assure you ——"

"I know that you are well off, Luke Jordan, but I take it for granted that you ask my girl to marry you, not your property. What guarantee can you give me, in case it should be swept away,—as it is in thousands of instances,—that you could provide for her a comfortable home? You have hands and brains—do you know how to use them? Again I ask, what can you *do*?"

This was a style of catechism for which Luke was quite unprepared, and he stared blankly at the questions without speaking.

"I believe you managed to get through college—have you any profession?"

"No, sir; I thought ——"

"Have you any trade?"

"No, sir; my father thought that, with the wealth I should inherit, I should not need any."

"Your father thought like a fool, then. He'd much better have given you some honest occupation, and cut you off with a shilling—it might have been the making of you. As it is, what are you fit for? Here you are, a strong, able-bodied young man, twenty-four years old, and never earned a cent in your life! You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"And you want to marry my daughter," resumed the old man, after a few vigorous puffs at his pipe. "Now I've given Molly as good advantages for learning as any girl could have, and she hasn't thrown 'em away; if she didn't know how to work, she'd be no daughter of mine. If I chose, I could keep more servants, but I don't, no more than I choose that my daughter should be a pale, spiritless creature, full of dyspepsia and all manner of fine-lady ailments, instead of the smiling, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked lass she is. I *did* say that she should marry no lad that had been cursed with a rich father; but she's taken a foolish liking to you, and I'll tell ye what I'll do. Go to work and prove yourself to be a man; perfect yourself in some occupation—I don't care what, so it be honest; then come to me, and, if the girl is willing, she is yours."

As the old man said this, he deliberately knocked the ashes out of his pipe against one of the pillars of the porch where he was sitting, tucked it into his pocket, and went into the house.

Pretty Mary Burton was waiting to see her lover down at the garden-gate, their usual trysting place. The smiling light faded from her eyes as she noticed his sober, discomfited look.

"Father means well," she said, as Luke told her the result of his application. "And I'm not sure but what he is about right," she resumed, after a thoughtful pause; "for it seems to me that every man, be he rich or poor, ought to have some occupation."

Then, as she noticed her lover's grave look, she added, softly:—"Never mind; I'll wait for you, Luke!"

Luke Jordan suddenly disappeared from his accustomed haunts, much to the surprise of his gay associates. But, wherever he went, he carried with him in his exile these words, and which were like a tower of strength to his soul—"I'll wait for you, Luke!"

One pleasant, sunshiny morning, late in October, as Farmer Burton was propping up the grape-vine in his front-yard, that threatened to break down with the weight of its luxurious burdens, a neat-looking cart drove up, from which Luke Jordan alighted with a quick, elastic spring, quite in contrast to his former easy, leisurely movements.

"Good morning, Mr. Burton. I understand that you wanted to buy some butter-tubs and cider-barrels. I think I have some here that will just suit you."

"Whose make are they?" inquired the old man, as, opening the gate, he paused by the cart.

"Mine," replied Luke, with an air of pardonable pride; "and I challenge any cooper in the State to beat them."

Mr. Burton examined them critically one by one.

"They'll do," he said, coolly, as he set down the last of the lot. "What will you take for them?"

"What I asked you for six months ago to-day—your daughter, sir."

The roguish twinkle in the old man's eyes broadened into a smile.

"You've got the right metal in you, after all," he cried. "Come in, lad—come in. I shouldn't wonder if we made a bargain, after all."

Nothing loth, Luke obeyed.

"Molly!" bawled Mr. Burton, thrusting his head into the kitchen-door.

Molly tripped out into the hall. The round, white arms were bared above the elbows, and bore traces of the flour she had been sifting. Her dress was a neat gingham, over which was tied a blue checked apron; but she looked as winning and lovely as she always did wherever she was found.

She blushed and smiled as she saw Luke and then, turning her eyes upon her father, waited, dutifully, to hear what he had to say.

The old man regarded his daughter for a moment with a quizzical look.

"Molly, this young man—mayhap you've seen him before—has brought me a lot of tubs and barrels, all of his own make—a right good article, too. He asks a pretty price for 'em, but if you are willing to give it, well and good; and hark ye, my girl, whatever bargain you make, your old father will ratify."

As Mr. Burton said this, he considerately stepped out of the room, and we will follow his example. But the kind of bargain the young people made, can readily be conjectured by the speedy wedding that followed.

Luke Jordan turned his attention to the study of medicine, of which profession he became a useful and influential member; but every year, on the anniversary of his marriage, he delights his father-in-law by some specimen of the handicraft by which he won what *he* declares to be the "best and dearest wife in the world."

THE EBONY CASKET;

—OR—

The Raymond Inheritance.

BY BETT WINWOOD,

[This serial was commenced in No. 46. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XV.

A TETE-A-TETE.

That same afternoon, two young persons were walking in Mr. Lasalle's grounds—Jasper Layton and Bernice Vance.

It had been an accidental meeting. Both were out for a fresher breath of the languid summer air, and on one of the shaded green walks they had encountered each other.

Of course they kept on together, and very naturally began talking of the danger from which Bernice had escaped so fortunately.

"Have you no friends?" Jasper asked, presently.

"None, save Mr. Saul and—and—Dora."

"You may now reckon me among the number. I shall be only too happy if you will look upon me as your friend, Miss Vance."

"Thank you," a soft, pink flush stealing into her cheeks. "You are very kind."

There was a moment's silence. Jasper broke it by saying:

"You seem to have very few friends, and many enemies."

"True," drawing a deep breath. "But I don't know why any body should seek to harm me, I am of so little account in the world."

Jasper smiled.

"There may be reasons you do not now fully comprehend."

Bernice thought of the ebony casket, and shivered involuntarily.

"I think there *are* reasons," she said. "But my life is such a mystery! I cannot be sure of anything save simple existence."

In answer to his wondering glance, she added:

"I thought you must have heard something of my history—perhaps from Miss Raymond. I see you have not."

"No. I have not talked of you with Dora, since your return."

She hesitated a little, and with a flush upon her cheeks, said presently:

"I'm sure you ought to know to whom you are offering your friendship so freely. I am a waif—a foundling. I have no right even to the name I bear."

"I am sorry for you," he said, gently. "If you are alone in the world, even my brotherly interest may be of service to you."

He laid a strong emphasis upon the word brotherly, for he suddenly thought, with a pang, that it was scarcely loyal to Dora, to continue this dangerous tete-a-tete with another. But he found it too sweet to be broken off abruptly.

"Your good will can never be less than acceptable, Mr. Layton."

Then, in a hurried voice, and with a hotter cheek than ever, as if fearful her words might be misunderstood, she said;

"My whole life has been a barren, friendless one. An old woman brought me up. She sent me to school, and was kind to me, in some ways, though a most eccentric person. But I am nameless and poor—by no means suited to mingle on terms of equality with Miss Raymond and yourself."

"Say no more," exclaimed Jasper, hurriedly. "In all the qualities of mind and heart, I am sure you are a fit associate for dukes and duchesses."

"The world looks rather to birth and riches," put in Bernice, timidly.

"I am not like the world in that respect. But go on with your story. You have more to tell me."

"Not much. The woman who brought me up would tell me nothing of my parentage. She would say no more than that no blood of hers flowed in my veins. I have thought, sometimes, she might have been a trusted servant in my father's family. But it is only a wild dream. If my parents were poor and obscure, they could not have kept servants."

"Where is this woman now?"

"Dead," was the sad, low answer.

Jasper looked up at her quickly.

"Surely," he said, "she did not die without revealing all she knew of your history?"

"She gave me an ebony casket, in which, she said, were valuable papers, that would tell me everything I ought to know."

"It was a base deception?"

"No, I believe it was not. But the casket has not been opened from that day to this. For reasons I cannot explain, she exacted a promise that I would keep it intact until a certain date."

Jasper dropped his head on his breast. He was more deeply interested than he would have cared to tell.

"Strange," he muttered. "Do you know, Miss Vance, I can draw but one inference from what you have told me?"

"What is that?"

"Your parents must have been people of wealth and consequence."

Bernice heaved a deep sigh.

"Then why was I left to grow up in poverty and obscurity?"

"The riddle is past my power of solution. But, trust me, all will be made clear to you some day."

"Heaven speed the time."

"If I can ever be of service to you in unraveling the mystery, you may count upon my aid."

"I will come to you," she said, giving him a grateful look.

Then she walked on silently. The birds were singing around; flowers blooming, and the air just as languidly sweet and balmy as before; but somehow, everything seemed changed; it was as if a cloud had suddenly broken, and a flood of golden sunlight been showered on all the earth.

She knew no cause for this change; she scarcely realized the change at all; only a strange, indefinable thrill of happiness tingled through all her veins. Jasper's sympathy and interest were sweet to her famished soul—dangerously so.

When she looked up, at last, it was to find Jasper's clear, penetrating eyes fixed upon her face.

"Do you remember that advertisement I chanced to see so accidentally, that day at the mill?" he said.

She crimsoned.

"I remember it very well. But it was a deception—that is, I am sure you must have drawn a false inference from it."

"You were not the person intended?"

"Yes, I was that person. But the people who advertised, had no right to meddle with my affairs at all; at least I recognized no such right."

She did not say that the advertisement emanated from Giles Raymond's fertile pen, though such was the fact.

"You surprise me," said Jasper, looking as if he wished to hear more.

After a minute's hesitation, she raised her eyes to his with an air of the most charming frankness.

"Let me finish my story," she said. "My nurse, as I call the woman who brought me up, took me to Yorkville, some six months since. There she sickened and died, but not before she had given me to understand that my fortunes were closely identified with those of a certain wealthy family in the place."

"Were your claims upon the family in question recognized?"

"By no means. Nurse Goodwin did not intend I should hold any communication with these high-born people until the time came round for me to unravel the mystery of the ebony casket. But I was so lonely and sad after she died, that I wanted loving hearts and friendly faces about me. So I went to these proud favorites of fortune and told them my simple story."

"And they?" interrogated Jasper, eagerly.

Bernice's face grew sad and thoughtful.

"They laughed at the old woman's tale, and said she must have been mad—that I could possibly have no claim upon them. But they offered me an asylum beneath their roof until I could find a home more to my liking."

"You accepted it?"

"Yes," she answered, in a vibrating voice. "I knew not what else to do. Please remember how lonely and friendless I was—without a home, or scarcely a place to lay my head."

"Poor child!" said Jasper, involuntarily pressing her hand in both his own.

"It was a strange life I led with those haughty aristocrats," she went on. "They were kind, in their way. But they made me feel like a pensioner upon their bounty. Every look, every gesture was constantly reminding me of the immeasurable distance between us—a gulf of blue blood that could never be bridged.

"At last one of their frequent visitors, a gentleman I had disliked extremely from the first, condescended to notice me, and in an absurdly brief time there came an offer of marriage."

She paused, blushing with womanly shame that she should have told so much. But Jasper's ready sympathy had drawn her on, almost unconsciously.

"Do not hesitate," said he, gently.

"I will not. You are too much a gentleman to take advantage of my confidence."

"I should hope so."

"My new-found friends favored this man's suit," Bernice resumed, modestly dropping her eyes. "They would have compelled me to marry him, and began a system of persecution that almost drove me mad. You know the rest. I fled from the grudgingly-given shelter of their roof, and came to Millbrook, thinking to hide myself in the obscurity of mill-life."

Little did Jasper Layton think, at this time, that Bernice was speaking of Giles Raymond and his wife—the parents of his betrothed! As yet she had spoken no name—she scarcely knew why.

Certainly it was not to spare the young man's feelings, for she was utterly ignorant of the relation in which Dora stood to him. Perhaps it would have been better for her if she had known the truth at once. But she drifted onward to her fate, in sweet unconsciousness of danger.

"Now you know all," she said, abruptly. "I don't comprehend why I should have given you my confidence. But I would not recall it."

"Nay, nay," he murmured, bending over her, and speaking the words close to her ear. "You have no need. None of us are fitted to stand alone in this world of trial. We were created brothers and sisters, that we might give mutual help and sympathy."

She flushed scarlet. Something in her drooping attitude and burning face made him forget honor and duty. Nearer and nearer bent his proud head, as if drawn by some magnetism he was powerless to resist. His hot breath fanned her cheek, his eyes looked straight into her own.

"Bernice——" he whispered.

He said no more. A step crashed in the gravel, close upon them. They sprung guiltily apart, and Jasper's face flushed purple.

Dora was stepping down the path towards the spot where they stood, with a strange, half-scornful smile curling her red lip.

How much had she seen of what had just transpired?

CHAPTER XVI.

WEAVING THE WEB.

Jasper was not fully himself when he met his betrothed. A sense of pain and loss weighed upon his spirits like a spell. He realised, all at once, the fearful mistake he had made in plighting his troth to a woman he merely liked.

But perhaps he was not so much to blame, after all. He had mistaken his infatuation for Dora for love. His eyes were but just opened to his real capacity for a deathless passion. Had he not met Bernice he might have gone on in the old delusion till the end of his days.

But the touch of another woman's hand, the glance of another woman's eye, had aroused him forever from this idle dream.

He felt guilty, confused. A sudden realization of his own baseness forced itself upon his mind. A momentary madness had taken possession of him. Under its spell he would have made love to one woman while his word was plighted to another!

"Fool—fool!" he thought, bitterly. "Do I, then, wear my heart upon my sleeve? Have I lost all control over myself that I should plunge headlong into all that is mean and dishonorable?"

He gave Dora a swift glance as she reached his side. Her face told him nothing. It was placid and sweet—too sweet, mayhap, to seem in harmony with the odd smile that curled her lip.

"I was looking for Bernice," she said, with a pretty, playful air that became her well. "You have monopolized her quite long enough, Jasper. I'm going to take her away from you."

He retreated a step or two, his face still flushed and hot.

"Of course I shall not be ungallant enough to dispute your claims," he stammered.

"Thank you," and sweetly smiling, she wreathed her arms about Bernice's waist. "You must ask Mr. Lasalle to entertain you for the next half hour," she added, glancing back at Jasper as she moved away.

Bernice kept pace with her, silent but curious. With a woman's quick intuition, she saw that Dora's mood was not a pleasant one. She did not care to touch upon any chord that might vibrate painfully, under the circumstances, and wisely kept her peace. Her thoughts, mayhap, were more precious than any words could have been, just then. She had not failed to comprehend Jasper's burning glances, and the broken sentence he had begun just as Dora came upon them.

"He loves me," she thought, waves of crimson sweeping over all her face. "He meant to tell me so. How strange, how inexplicable! that I, who have always been so lonely, so much alone, should so suddenly find a strong, true heart to lean and rest upon."

Now that Jasper knew she was homeless and nameless, it did not occur to her that anything else could come between them.

Dora did not speak to her until they had gained her dressing-room, when she threw herself on a hassock at Bernice's feet, with the gesture of a wayward child.

"My darling," she said, looking prettily confused, and fixing a deprecating gaze upon the gentle face above. "I have a confession to make. You will be good enough to hear it?"

"Of course I will listen to anything you may have to tell me," returned Bernice, kindly.

"If I have done wrong, what is the better way—to go on as if all was as it should be, or seek to undo my work?"

"Ask your own better self, Dora, not me."

A slight flush mantled Dora's face, and then receded.

"I might have known what your advice would be!" she exclaimed, almost petulantly. "But it isn't a very gross sin of which I have been guilty. Sometimes I think it would be better to let it rest, and say nothing about it."

Bernice was silent, but her expression spoke the reproaches she did not utter.

"I *can't* make a clean breast of it, except to you," Dora said, suddenly. "The fact is, I told Jasper a lie. How can I force myself to acknowledge anything so mean and cowardly?"

"A lie?" echoed Bernice, in a shocked tone.

"Yes. It was that day at the mill. I was not myself, or I should have been more careful. He must have suspected we knew each other, from something in our looks and actions. He asked me the question point blank."

"And you?"

"I told him I had never seen you before that day."

In answer to Bernice's grieved look, she said, with a low, faint laugh:

"You see, I was angry with you for having run away from Shrublands. I thought there was no need, though I now see you were right, and I was wrong. And then—murder will out, you know—you were poor and unknown, and all that sort of thing, and my pride rose up in arms—now don't look hurt, my dear, that I should tell you this—and I denied you, just as Peter denied the Master. If I had told the truth, it would have involved disagreeable explanations, and that was my other reason."

It was quite a moment before Bernice spoke, and then she said:

"This is the confession you wished to make to me!"

"Yes." Dora glanced up swiftly; but there was something shrinking and insincere in the expression of her eyes,—they did not meet Bernice's frankly and openly.

"You will forgive me?" she pleaded; "you and I are to be such warm, true friends, you know."

"Of course you have my forgiveness," was the slow answer. "But I am not the person most wronged in this instance."

"Oh, you mustn't think I'm going to make a father confessor of Jasper," cried Dora, with sudden spirit. "I shall do nothing of the sort. That would be too much to ask. In telling you, I have atoned for the sin. Don't expect impossibilities; and oh! Bernice, I hope you will not judge me too harshly."

"God forbid that I should judge anybody!"

"Now, I have a favor to ask, and then we will let the disagreeable subject drop forever. Promise me you will say nothing to Jasper of our old life at Shrublands, or that we ever knew each other there."

Bernice started, and turned a shade paler at the request.

"I promise never to broach the subject," she answered, reluctantly. "But I shall tell no untruths. If Mr. Layton should question me, I can only shield you so far as lies in my power at the time."

Dora smiled her satisfaction. But there was an ominous drooping of the corners of her mouth, had Bernice been observant enough to see it.

Did she guess that anything had been said already? Bernice asked herself the question, but was pleased to remember she had not mentioned Dora's name, or Mr. Raymond's, in speaking to Jasper of the family at Yorkville with whom she had been domiciled for a season.

"He does not imagine that there is any connection between the two," she thought; "and for Dora's sake I shall take care not to tell him. As yet nothing has been said that can harm her."

One of the housemaids came up shortly, with a visitor's card.

"For Miss Raymond," said she, presenting it.

Dora glanced at the name elegantly written upon the embossed pasteboard, and then hastily read a line penciled underneath, which said:

"Bring Miss Vance down stairs with you. I wish to see her."

"My father!" she cried, turning to Bernice. "He has come to Millbrook."

The color forsook Bernice's cheeks at these words. Giles Raymond there—in that very house?

"Impossible!" she ejaculated, scarcely knowing what she said.

Looking her steadily in the eye, Dora made answer:

"Here is his card. He is down stairs, waiting for us, this moment."

"*Us?*" echoed Bernice.

"Yes. He asks for you. You can see for yourself the note he has penciled upon this card. I know of what you are thinking, dear"—for Bernice gave a start and a shiver. "You have not forgotten the wretched life you led while at Shrublands. But I'm sure there is no need to bear it in mind. Papa was not kind to you then; but I know he deeply deplores the past. And you, darling, are too tender-hearted to lay up anything against him."

Bernice pressed both hands over her burning temples.

"I cannot see him," she said, in a faint voice.

"You must."

"Must?"

"I mean that it is best you should—best for you."

"Oh, why is he here?" wildly. "Am I never to have rest or quiet? Why has he followed me? What have I done?"

"Hush!" said Dora, in a stern, cold voice. "You shall not speak of my papa in that way. His manners may be rough, but he means you naught but kindness. Of that I am convinced."

Bernice did not answer.

"As for following you here," Dora went on, "he has done nothing of the sort. Blame me for his presence here. I sent for him."

"You?"

"Yes. He had heard of your abduction. He and mamma must have been very anxious. I wished to assure him of your safety."

Rising as she spoke, Dora moved toward the door. "Come, Bernice, come, my dear. He does not like to be kept waiting. Let us go down to him at once."

It was a bitter trial for the poor girl. How could she confront this man whom she had come to regard in the light of a bitter enemy? How could she listen to the tones of his soft, treacherous voice, and not betray all the fear and dislike she really felt?

After a momentary struggle, she succeeded in controlling her violent agitation. Giving her hand to Dora, she said in a scarcely audible voice:

"I will go—to please you."

"Humph, I am surprised that you should cherish resentment. But you will soon forget it."

Down stairs they went, hand in hand. Just inside the parlor door stood Mr. Raymond, smiling, affable, serene.

"Welcome," he cried, in a cheery tone. "I am so glad to see you both."

Then he kissed Dora's cheek, and, turning, took Bernice's fluttering hand in his.

"Poor, foolish little creature! Why did you run away from Shrublands? We have suffered more than you could guess on your account."

He gently stroked her hair, and looked down at her with moist eyes, full of well-simulated compassion. Bernice could not help feeling touched. Had she misjudged him, after all?

"I am sorry, sir," she faltered.

"Never mind, my dear. It is all over, now. Here you are, safe and sound, and we will soon have you back to Shrublands again."

"Oh, no, no," she cried, wildly starting. "I do not wish to go back. Indeed, indeed I do not. I am happier here, at Millbrook."

He smiled.

"Poor child, I doubt if you know your own mind. You have just passed through a strange experience. But that experience is at an end. Go back with us, my dear, and you shall be made as happy as we can contrive. Don't lay up past grievances against us; that is not kind, when we are sorry for an offence and anxious to atone."

Still shivering, and very pale, Bernice said:

"I prefer to earn my own living. If I have no claim upon you, I must decline to become the recipient of your charity."

"Bah!" interrupted Dora. "Nobody at Shrublands would consider you a burden, and you know it. I shall go back with papa, and, oh, it would make me so happy if you could return with us. You will—that's a darling?"

She laid her cheek coaxingly against Bernice's, and clasped her hands about her with quite a show of affection.

Mr. Raymond was standing near the door. A strange, white heat seemed to flame and burn in his glassy eyes, but, outwardly, he was calm.

"Bernice," said he, abruptly, after a moment's thinking, "I have strange news to tell—news which will, I am sure, affect your decision."

She stared at him. "News?"

"Yes. Nurse Goodwin was right—you *have* a claim upon me."

Then he paused to watch the effect of his words. He saw her start, flush purple, and then grow pale again.

"You *have* a claim upon me," he repeated. "That wretched old woman was not utterly in the wrong, but she had facts strangely distorted."

"What mean you?" cried Bernice, eagerly, "What have you discovered? Have you penetrated, at last, the secret of my parentage?"

Mr. Raymond shook his head, smiling.

"There is no secret. Nurse Goodwin was cracked, or laboring under a singular delusion. She mystified you, and us all needlessly. I doubt if she knew the real facts, herself."

Bernice scarcely heard what he was saying. The thought that she would be nameless and homeless no longer, thrilled her with an ecstatic joy.

"Don't keep me in suspense!" she exclaimed. "Tell me the truth—the whole truth, no matter how unpleasant it may be! Who am I?"

"Simply Bernice Vance," he answered.

"It is not so. You are deceiving me. You have discovered nothing?"

Mr. Raymond shrugged, and his eyes met Dora's for an instant, as much as to say:

"Listen to the poor fool, will you? She even dares to doubt my word."

Aloud he said:

"Pray compose yourself, my dear. You don't know what you are saying. When you are calmer, we will continue."

"I am calm now—go on."

"What shall I tell you?"

"My parents?" she cried, breathlessly. "Are they living? Shall I see them?"

He shook his head.

"You are alone in the world, poor child. I am your nearest relative, so far as I can now discover. Your parents have been dead very many years."

Bernice sighed. A tear or two trembled on her lashes. The hope of some day knowing a mother's love, a father's care, was stronger than she had thought. A sense of bitter disappointment and loss oppressed her.

"I am not a Raymond?" she ventured, at last.

"In name—no," was the reply. "But you have the Raymond blood in your veins. My cousin, Elise Raymond, married one Egbert Vance. You are the only issue of that marriage."

Bernice stood looking him steadfastly in the face, while he was speaking. She saw him cringe a little, and a slight flush mounted to his forehead. Surely, he could not be mean enough to trifle with her upon such a subject?

And yet the suspicion crossed her mind with such force she could not wholly banish it.

"Strange, strange," she murmured, clasping her fingers over her temples.

"What is strange?" echoed Dora, almost angrily. "For my part I think your's a most common-place story. It seems absurdly so after Nurse Goodwin's mysterious insinuations."

Bernice thought of the ebony casket, that was still reposing over her heart, where she had hidden it. Surely, there was a mistake somewhere. The casket had a history, and one that would some day be revealed to her.

"You may have been imposed upon," she said, still fixedly regarding Mr. Raymond.

"Humph!" he ejaculated, with a scornful laugh. "It is not probable."

Then, after a minute's silence:

"You wonder, of course, that I did not guess the truth at once—that the name Vance was not sufficient to enlighten me. It might have been but for the fact that I had never known my cousin Elise intimately, and was ignorant as to whom she had married.

He turned, as he spoke, and began tapping the carpet with his foot, with the nervous air of a person who has something to conceal.

"I am glad, so glad, that you and I are related, however distantly, Bernice," said Dora, as if anxious to attract attention from her father.

Bernice pushed off her clinging arms, and standing up white and firm before Mr. Raymond, demanded:

"How did you learn all this you have told me—learn it so suddenly, I mean?"

He started when she spoke to him, and his eyes refused to meet her own.

"From—papers—and an old servant," he stammered. "But let us end this discussion. You shall hear the full particulars when we arrive at Shrublands. That is the more fitting place for further revelations."

"You are right, papa. We can afford to wait for the remainder of the story."

Of course this was Dora. Bernice said nothing, but her thoughts ran thus:

"I do not fully trust this man. He may have told the truth, but I doubt it. However, I will return to Shrublands, since he and Dora wish it. Indeed, that seems the proper place to delve to the bottom of the mystery that envelopes me."

It was a sudden resolution, and one from which she would have shrunk a few moments before. But Mr. Raymond's story had wrought a great change in her feelings. She experienced a sudden desire to test its truth for herself.

If it were true, why the extreme anxiety of her unknown enemies to gain possession of the ebony casket?

Mr. Raymond said abruptly, after a short silence:

"You have now been told the nature of the claim I have upon you. Will you revoke your decision, and go home with Dora?"

"If you really wish it."

"I do."

An expression of unmistakable relief showed itself in his face. He seemed to breathe more freely than he had done a moment before—to rally, as from the spell of some dark despair.

"Go, my love," he said, cheerfully, to Dora. "Make your preparations as quickly as possible. We will leave Millbrook to-night."

"What will Mr. Lasalle say—and Mrs. Black?"

"Humph. It does not matter. Go, my dear."

Dora and Bernice left the room together. After the lapse of a few minutes, Mrs. Black, a handsome, well-preserved woman of fifty, entered. She greeted Mr. Raymond quite cordially, for the two families had long been intimate.

"What is this I hear?" she cried. "You surely will not think of returning to Shrublands to-night?"

"I must. It will be necessary to take the next train in order to do so. My presence at home is very essential, just now. Business, you know. The young ladies had better return with me."

"Dora just said that such was their intention. This is very abrupt, Mr. Raymond. My brother will be very sorry."

"Will he?" with a swift, alert glance, as if a sudden thought had struck him.

"Yes. He is fond of company, you know. I must go to him and let him know of your sudden decision."

She left the room. Mr. Lasalle came in, shortly. He looked somewhat paler than his wont, and there was a strange, uneasy glitter in his eyes.

He conversed quite glibly with Mr. Raymond until Dora and Bernice came down-stairs attired for their journey. Then his gaze fastened itself greedily upon the latter, as if reluctant to lose sight of her for an instant.

Bernice had expected Jasper Layton would be in the drawing-room. But he was not. While she stood vaguely wondering at his absence, Dora asked the question she was longing to do.

"Where is Mr. Layton? I must see him to bid him good-bye."

"Gone," answered Mr. Lasalle.

Dora echoed the word in genuine surprise.

"Explain yourself," she demanded.—"Where is Jasper gone?"

"To the city. Some sudden news, I believe—a letter, or something of that sort. He set out immediately, but left a score of messages for you and Miss Vance."

Dora felt a thrill of momentary alarm.

"When will he return?" she asked, slowly slipping a solitaire ring off and on her finger, as if in a brown study.

"To-morrow," said Mr. Lasalle.

"Ah! It was very ungallant of him to go away without having seen us."

"He had barely time to catch the train."

"That explains his abrupt departure," and she breathed a sigh of relief. "I shall leave word for him to follow us to Shrublands. Shall I, papa?"

She glanced quickly, and a little anxiously, at Mr. Raymond, but he bowed and smiled.

"I shall be happy to welcome him, dear."

At this moment, a servant came in to say that the carriage waited before the door.

Mr. Raymond took his daughter's hand and led her out through the lofty hall, leaving Bernice to follow. She was preparing to do so when four warm fingers tightly clasped her arm.

"One moment," whispered a hoarse voice. "I have something to say to you before you go."

She did not need to turn, or look up to know that it was Mr. Lasalle who stood by her side, with his burning gaze upon her face.

Instinct told her what was coming.—"Let me go," she said, faintly. "Please let me go."

"Not yet. You can spare the little I ask of your precious time. You must spare it. I cannot suffer you to go away without pleading with you once again."

His grip upon her arm tightened, involuntarily. Bernice almost screamed with pain.

"You are cruel, Mr. Lasalle."

"Nay, only very much in earnest. You have seen, since we talked together last, how much you stand in need of a protector. My love burns stronger than ever. Its flame will never die out. It only requires to be fed by a little responsive affection. Bernice, my precious Bernice, say that you love me, and will be my wife."

Voice and face were full of agonized entreaty. The strength and fervor of a deathless passion glowed through them. With a little cry of mingled grief and dread, Bernice broke from his clinging grasp.

"Don't, don't!" she cried, incoherently. "You know I could never—love you! I gave you my answer that day in the mill. It was final. Shame, shame, that you should persecute me still!"

Then, with a little stamp, and gleaming eyes, she ran after Dora and was lifted into the carriage that waited before the door ere Mr. Lasalle had fully recovered from the surprise occasioned by her sudden departure.

(To be continued in our next.)

LOVE UNTOLD.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

My joy, yet grief—my rose, and yet my thorn;
My soul's sweet day, and yet my spirit's night!
When thou stand'st by, I sigh as one forlorn—
And when afar, I languish for thy sight.
Apart from thee, the world affords no cheer,
And still I tremble when thy step is near.

I dream of thee, yet *less* thee in my dream,
And, waking, ask of fate if this must be;
The realm of feeling hath a thousand streams,
And every stream but bears my heart to thee.
Yet did thy form appear, my feet would stray,
As if they loved thee not, another way!

There is a constant fever in my breast,
A something hoped, which dies when hope is given;
A sweet delight, and yet a strange unrest;
A thought that trembles betwixt earth and heaven.
Would I loved less, or would the power were hers
To own my love, and triumph over fear!

MY ONLY LOVER.

BY SUSAN SMITH.

I am an old maid. Do not start, dear reader; I am worse than that—a decidedly plain-looking old maid. I tell you this frankly at the beginning, so that, if you are expecting to hear a succession of romantic adventures, all about the loves and sorrows of "one of the fairest of flowers of earth," you can make up your mind to be disappointed.

Neither have I a "certain ease and grace," a "facility in conversation," by which one might be led to forget the plain exterior. I have neither "sweetness" nor "brilliancy" of manner. My poor plain face is quite passive and expressionless. I have always lived very retired, and have been accustomed, for want of society, to solace myself with books and castle-buildings.

When I was just verging on young-ladyhood, I confess to having read such a quantity of novels as passionately to desire beauty and a heroic lover. But the beauty which I fondly dreamed that "sweet sixteen" or "lovely seventeen" would surely bring came not. I did not grow fairer, my hair did not gradually become soft and wavy, and my eyes were no more of an azure than formerly—in short, I was pretty much the same as ever, only more of me! Therefore, instead of the moonlight walks, the attentive admirers, of my maidenly dreams, I—plain, pale-faced, peak-nosed Susan Smith—remained quietly at home all the long evenings, just because nobody asked me to do otherwise! And so I just gave up all the romantic notions I had ever indulged, and resolved—without one agonizing death-struggle—calmly, firmly, resolved to submit to a life of single blessedness.

Thus situated, I betook myself more than ever to reading. My uncle's scanty library was long ago exhausted; so I made depredations on neighboring ones, devouring everything which came in my way. I had just become nicely settled in all this, with a feeling of great contentment as to my lot, and had given up all ideas of ever having a lover and being like other girls—and *then* came—but I am anticipating.

One day, when I was sitting with my aunt in the parlor, hemming some handkerchiefs, and not dreaming that anything remarkable was going to happen to me, an invitation came for me to a party at Mrs. Burton's. Now this same Mrs. Burton was a fashionable lady who, though usually conforming to the round of conventional society, displayed, occasionally, some strange sparks of eccentricity. It so happened that she had an extensive library, to which, through the acquaintance of my aunt, she had allowed me free access. Perceiving my fondness for books, and perhaps something of my habitual reserve, she strangely conceived the idea that *I*—Susan Smith—I, the plain, awkward, uninteresting, unnoticeable little nobody of a Susan Smith, was "literary." And so she invited me.

When I finally found myself in the spacious saloons of Mrs. Burton's, surrounded by beauties and witching graces, I admit feeling somewhat of a pang. I gave myself up to the dreaming that *would* come, amid the soft, vague ripple of beauty that surrounded me.

Gradually my philosophic spirit gained the ascendancy over the imaginative. The vague clouds of ribbons, muslins and pretty faces, together with the darker and taller forms in the background, became more tangible. I became conscious that I was surrounded by human beings: that I had an excellent opportunity for my favorite pursuit—the study of human nature. I soon became edified and amused in watching the course of divers little flirtations and manœuvres on the part of parties of both sexes. Yonder was a tall, dark-eyed, fine-looking young gentleman, who I soon perceived was quite a lion among the fair ones. All the artillery of dimples, blushes and pink ribbons was skillfully employed by the respective proprietors thereof, to storm the fortress. And he—he was smiling, affable, gallant, and by no means deficient in the use of weapons of his own. Yes, he was decidedly the centre-piece of the picture—the reigning *beau* of the season. As for belles, there were two or three struggling for the ascendancy, and whether the one or the other triumphed was ascertained by the attentions of the superb Mr. Sunderland.

The blue eyes of the fair Miss Ella French gleamed more tenderly, or the sparkling black ones of her rival flashed more brilliantly from beneath the long, dark lashes, as Mr. Sunderland's low tones were addressed to the first or the last. Indeed, the divers feats of diplomacy among both the brighter constellations of the evening and the lesser lights were not unlike those of the political world. So I amused myself in watching the course of things till my eyes fairly ached with the dazzle, and I betook myself to a few gilded volumes which graced a table, to catch breath a little in my natural element.

I turned over a few leaves, read a few verses of Tennyson, and raised my head, to encounter—was I waking? had I not slipped into dreamland, amid the bright whirl around me? No; awake, in the full possession of my senses, I encountered the gaze of those large, black eyes of *Mr. Sunderland* fixed admiringly upon me.

Thank fortune, I always had strong nerves, so I did not faint, but kept on the even tenor of my way. I beheld the gentleman turn, seek out and address Mrs. Burton. That lady replied, glanced at me, and in another moment the two had advanced toward the corner where I sat, and "*Mr. Sunderland*," was introduced to "*Miss Smith*."

Had the earth opened and swallowed us up, I could not have been more astounded. However, I had little time for conjectures, as the gentleman seemed desirous to enter into immediate conversation.

"An excellent party! Mrs. Burton was a very interesting lady—a superb lady! quite intellectual, too! I was an old acquaintance of hers, was I not? Was I fond of attending *soirees*?"

"Was not much in the habit of attending *soirees*."

"Ah! he suspected—I was fond of intellectual pursuits! He honored my choice! He did not himself find satisfaction in these light, frivolous amusements. He was most happy to find sympathy in a higher grade of enjoyment, &c."

Strange enough, the gentleman persisted in remaining by my side during the rest of the evening, as much to the astonishment of the fair rivals as my own, and not a little to their chagrin.

And so, when I had at last established myself in my chamber for the night, it was only to puzzle my brain with vague conjectures as to whether the conduct of my sudden admirer was due to some sudden pique of his own; to a disgust for the vanities of the world, or to my own (possible) charms.

It was only a few days after the *soiree*, when, as I sat in our parlor, reading the newspaper to my uncle and aunt, we were startled by a loud double-knock at the door. In a few moments our maid-servant announced "Mr. Sunderland!"

"Ah! my dear Miss Smith, do excuse me. Have I too much assurance in hoping that you still retain the faintest remembrance of your cavalier of Wednesday evening?"

Now I was sure I did not know what to say to all this. So I only assured him to the best of my abilities that I recollected him, and invited him to sit down. I fancied he looked somewhat astonished on being ushered into our plain little parlor, and I am quite sure my uncle and aunt did, as I introduced them.

Mr. Sunderland was exceedingly polite and affable, and conversed in quite a charming manner. Nevertheless, I thought I could see his eye take in the homely details of the room and of my own *tout ensemble*, and a half-scornful look play about his mouth. However, I didn't care in the least, since I had long ago made up my mind that the fates did not intend I should have a beau, and I had become submissive thereto; so that, if I ever *did* have any, it was so much clear gain, and if they left, no loss! My uncle and aunt were, apparently, no little amazed, as they seemed slowly to comprehend the idea that the handsome visitor was my own!

Mr. Sunderland was literary. "Tennyson was his favorite, and, he suspected, mine also. Did he not discover me looking over a volume of that poet, at Mrs. Burton's?"

"I had looked into it somewhat. Still I could not say that Tennyson was my favorite of favorites. I was not particularly fond of that class of writers. I liked those of the Coleridge and Wordsworth stamp better."

Mr. Sunderland bowed. "He admired my taste. Coleridge and Wordsworth were also favorites with him. How did I like Byron?"

I "confessed to little admiration for him."

Mr. Sunderland "was not pleased with him."

I acknowledged in the main more interest in prose than in poetic writers. In fact, that "I loved history."

Mr. Sunderland was immediately passionately fond of history. He declared "Gibbon's History of England" to be a most masterly production—worthy of comparison even with "Cæsar's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Oh, how I screwed up my lips to suppress a smile!

I confess to feeling decidedly wicked, and determined to lead him into deeper waters. But you would grow weary, dear reader, and your heart perhaps would ache with pity, were I to relate all the perambulations of my unfortunate literary admirer. And how he finally rose, with an air of great satisfaction, and took his leave, delighted with the assurance of my company for the following evening to visit the opera.

I like mysteries. I like fun, too, as well as pretty girls, notwithstanding my plain appearance. Moreover, I was quite sure I had not spent a more edifying afternoon for a long time; also, I was naughty enough to rejoice in the chagrin of the fair belles. So, all things considered, I was bound to keep it up as long as I could.

Matters now progressed at an astonishing rate. I attended operas, concerts, lectures, and what not, with the attentive and gallant Mr. Sunderland. A new world was opened before me. Contact with real, active, outward life invigorated me. I saw with my own eyes, heard with my own ears, what before I had only read and imagined. Amid all this, had my gallant been a noble, whole-souled man, with thoughts and feelings of his own, I don't know what accident might have befallen my heart. I wouldn't have been answerable for the consequences.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, (which shall I say, dear reader?) he was a mere cypher; so I kept equilibrium, while the devotion of my admirer and the mystery of the whole affair continued to increase. The now decidedly literary and profound Mr. Sunderland nearly every day honored the little parlor with his presence. He "admired my simple, unostentatious mode of life. My plain merino was more beautiful to him than all the gaudy trappings of the gay butterflies of fashion!"

At length all this reached its culminating point, and the glorious Mr. Sunderland, in the most approved, romantic, chivalric manner, knelt at my feet and told me that his everlasting happiness or misery depended on a word from my lips.

Well, well, I really had no notion of coming to all this. So I insisted as best I could, in my practical way, on his taking a more rational view of the matter, and finally sent him away in a most melancholy and inconsolable frame of mind. This, however, was no end to the matter. The fortress of my heart was now immediately besieged, or rather stormed, with numerous beseeching, sentimental, passionate, pink-paper missives. All my philosophy was put to the rout. He seemed to be in earnest—really, desperately in earnest.

But at last—at last a change came o'er the spirit of the dream. The missives ceased—Mr. Sunderland came not—sent no message! I met him in the street, and he knew me not! Would there ever be an end of mysteries? The transition was quite like a calm following a storm. Still I wondered—wondered, and might have wondered in vain to the present day, had not a circumstance occurred by which the whole mystery was unravelled.

One day young Mr. Frank Butler called to settle some business transaction with my uncle. It so happened that this gentleman was out, and consequently Mr. Frank condescended to amuse himself with me until his return. He inquired how I enjoyed the *soiree*, and finally, with a mischievous look, "how I liked Mr. Sunderland?" I suspected something from his manner, and immediately begged him to solve me the strange riddle.

Mr. Frank instantly burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, which he seemed to enjoy exceedingly. When he had recovered sufficiently to be able to speak, "Miss Smith," said he, "I could describe a little scene of the evening, which you might be at liberty to interpret as you please."

Of course I insisted upon hearing it.

"Well, then, Mr. Sunderland and his friend Edward Ryder were standing a moment together. You were looking over a book at the table, and another young lady at the opposite side was toying with an exquisite little volume. Edward whispered, (looking at the latter fair one,) 'Sunderland, I tell you she would be a fine bird to catch—that one over there at the table—an only child, and her father was worth forty thousand pounds, they say.' They separated, and I saw Mr. Sunderland's eyes fixed admiringly on—yourself! Is that satisfactory?"

It ought to have been; and of course I laughed heartily, though I did feel at first a little nettled. However, I found I had gained some experience, besides the fun. So I have relapsed again into an old maid, feeling doubly content with my lot, now that I have had a "*lover*."

Jasper Onslow's Wife.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 37. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XLI.

INTO THE MAGISTRATE'S EAR.

Oh, but 'gainst thy husband—
Thy bosom's lord, flesh of thy flesh! To set
The bloodhounds of the law upon his track;
If thou speak'st true, stern justice will but blush
To be so cheered upon her guilty prey. MILMAN.

The inspector at Bow-street was busy when Anthony Colliver and Muriel entered the big bare room where the charges are given in. The window at which he sat was open, and leaning on it, and talking earnestly to him, was a man with his back to the newcomers.

"It's gospel truth every word of it," they heard him say, "as sure as I stand here."

"And you want a warrant for her arrest?"

"Well, I'd like to have the proof first. I want to overhaul the jewels I told you of—that is, to see 'em. I don't want to lay a finger on 'em—then I should be sure."

"My good fellow, the thing's impossible. You want the magistrates to give you a warrant to see certain things in the possession of a gentleman, who has come by them in a perfectly legitimate way, which articles are the property of another person, to whom you say yourself they honestly belong. The thing won't work. If they were stolen goods, now, you could have our help directly."

"Aye, that's just what he said. They ain't stolen—they are her own property sure enough. It seems to me as though your darned English laws were made to foil and puzzle people, instead of helping them along."

"My good man," the inspector said, quietly, "English laws were made to help and protect English people. The law will help you fast enough when you seek its aid properly. Look here, it stands to reason that such a tale as yours will hardly be believed unless you bring some proof of what you say. You are a foreigner, hailing from nobody knows where, and you suddenly come here with a wonderful tale about a wealthy and beautiful lady. You accuse her of strange crimes, and you ask for a warrant to see certain valuable jewels in the keeping of another person. You see English law that you cry down so doesn't allow people's liberties to be interfered with in that fashion at the whim of a stranger. You bring some proof that your story is true, and you'll find the law your very obedient servant."

"I don't know how or where to get the proofs, unless some one drops from the clouds to help me," said the man, sullenly, and he turned away. "I've half a mind to go straight to her house, and——Good heavens!"

He dropped into a seat opposite where Anthony Colliver and Muriel were waiting, and stared at the former in unspeakable amazement.

"Harpington—Colliver—whichever your name may be—it is you, ain't it?" he gasped. "You remember me—Luker?"

"Yes, it's me, and I remember you." Anthony Colliver said. "What do you want here? My name is Colliver. I was only John Harpington at Tampico, where there were some people I did not want to see. I thought you were a fixture in Melbourne."

"So I am. I'm in the old country on business. You can help me."

"Can I?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"By identifying her. You know who I mean. She is here in England, and for want of proof I can do nothing. If I take you where you can see her, you can identify her, can't you?"

"I have seen her, my friend, and I knew her at once. As to proving her identity, that's another affair. I do not suppose she's less cunning or less cruel than of yore, and she'll make it a difficult matter."

Mr. Luker's excitement was increased at this opportune meeting. The inspector, listening with quick, business ears, took in the whole meaning of the few sentences which passed between the two men in a moment, and understood that there was something in the strange tale he had heard, after all; but he asked no questions. He knew that he should hear it all by and by, and he sat writing on as though there were no such thing as sin, and misery, and warrants in the world.

"I'll speak to you by and by," Anthony Colliver said to Septimus Luker. "I've come here on bitter business myself, and want to get it over."

"Oh, mine can wait," Mr. Luker said. "Now I see daylight I can be patient. Tell me where to find you when I want you, that's all."

He took the card tendered him with "71 A, *Great Coram-street*," written on it, and with a slight inclination of his head, in acknowledgement of Muriel's presence, went away.

"Now then, if you please," the inspector said; "what's your business?"

"It is private," Mr. Colliver replied, with a glance at the open door and the policeman in attendance.

"Very well; step in here."

"Your revenge will be full and speedy, Mrs. Onslow," he whispered, as they went in. "That man has come from the other side of the world to share in it."

"I shall make it so for myself," she said, coldly. "Make haste over the business, please. I want to get home."

Home! She gave a slight shiver as she spoke the word. Where would her home be from henceforth—from the time when the shameful story she had to tell was blazoned forth to the world? She was going deliberately of her own act and deed to make her home desolate for evermore, to bring disgrace on all she held most dear, on her own name, on her children's future, yet her mad revenge was too bitter to be stayed. She took the seat the inspector motioned her to, and faced him with a white, resolute, fixed look which he never forgot to his dying day. She did not speak while Anthony Colliver told his story and made his request for a warrant to search the house at Limehouse known as Marling Manor at once.

The inspector referred to a large book at his elbow a good many pages back.

"You made that demand once before, Mr. Colliver," he said, "and were refused."

"I know that. I wasn't able to prove that I was myself. That don't matter now. I have this lady's testimony that my brother, so long missing and advertised for by me, lies hidden there, and I demand that the house shall be searched by the police."

"You had better come across the road, sir," the inspector said, rising. "You too, if you please, madam. This is a serious matter, and the magistrate is sitting now. You will get the warrant from him."

Anthony Colliver offered his arm to Muriel to cross the road; but she shrank from him with a shiver.

"Don't touch me," she said; "don't talk to me! Let me go through what I have sworn to do, and then die!"

She gave a start of horror and alarm when, being shown into the magistrates private room, that gentleman made his appearance in the person of a frequent visitor at her husband's house.

"My dear Mrs. Onslow," he exclaimed, taking her hand, "whatever brings you to Bow-street? No jewels lost, or anything of that sort, I hope?"

"Jewels! No," she replied in a dreamy kind of tone, "not jewels, but everything else. Life, honor, happiness—all gone, all lost to me for ever."

He looked at her with a puzzled face, and then to Anthony Colliver for an explanation.

"She isn't mad," that gentleman said, in explanation; "at least, I think not. The tale she told me was straightforward enough, and she gave me proof of the truth of it."

"Something that needs my interference? If not, I had better send Mrs. Onslow home. My carriage is at the door, and she looks very ill."

"Hear what she has to say first, if you please, sir, then send her home if you will. As for me, I want a warrant to search Marling Manor at once."

"It's the same party that applied for it before, sir," the inspector said. "It was refused then, because there was a doubt of the gentleman's identity."

"And is the identity proved now?"

"No sir; the affair has taken quite a different turn. The gentleman says he is sure of finding what he wants there now, and the lady says——"

"Let the lady tell me her story," the magistrate said; and the inspector withdrew. "Now, Mrs. Onslow, what is all this mighty matter? Is it so important that you were obliged to make a journey to this unsavory place to tell it?"

But he could provoke no answering smile on Muriel's face.

"I have told Mr. Colliver where to find his brother," she said, in a parrotlike tone, as though she were repeating a task. "I wish to repeat my statement here, if you please."

"You know where the missing man is concealed?"

"I do."

"Tell me, please."

"At the bottom of a deep well in a small room at the back of the Manor," she said, in the same cold, hard way.

"Good heavens, my dear lady, do you know what you are saying?" the magistrate asked, in astonishment.

"Perfectly."

"You say that the missing man, Jabez Colliver, lies at the bottom of a well in his own house?"

"Yes."

"Murdered by——"

"I did not say murdered—I said he was there. You must find out the rest for yourself."

"Well, placed there, we will say, and by your husband?"

"By my husband, Jasper Onslow."

"You will swear to this?"

"I will."

"Were you present?"

"I was not. Is that all you want to ask me? Can I go now?"

"I hardly know what to do, Mrs. Onslow. You have placed yourself in a very grave position by what you have told me. If your story be true, you are your husband's accomplice and——"

"If my story be true? You have but to search to find the truth. There is no 'if' in the matter."

The magistrate scribbled a few directions on a sheet of paper, and touched a call bell that stood upon his table.

"Attend to that, inspector," he said, "and at once."

And the man, with a puzzled look at Muriel's white face, bowed and withdrew.

"Mad she must be," he said to himself, "or she couldn't do it. I hope she is mad, and that it's all a cock and bull story, from beginning to end."

He wasn't a hardhearted man by any means, and it seemed a terrible thing to him, who had a sonsy, well-doing wife and half a dozen boisterous, loving children at home, to go and put spies upon a husband at a wife's instigation; yet so it was. Jasper Onslow's house was to be watched and guarded, and word sent to the office of all its owner's movements, until the search at the Manor should prove the truth or falsity of Muriel's strange story.

And she went home with the dreadful knowledge of the future in her heart, to dress herself in a gleaming blue satin dress, with rare lace, and to put glittering gems on her neck and arms, and to talk, and laugh, and sing with and to her guests, till Jasper wondered at her, and felt thankful in his heart that her resentment had taken this defiant form, instead of, as he phrased it, sulks and tears. She would not let him come near her all the evening, avoiding him whenever he approached her, and keeping up such an incessant fire of chat with everybody else when she was not at the piano, that he could not get a word with her at all. Once only did he speak to her during the time.

"You have forgiven me, Muriel, have you not?" he asked.

"Forgiven!" she said. "Oh, yes. You and Miss Carlyon will soon know how. I shall never trouble my head about your likes or dislikes again."

And then she dashed her hands on the keys, and burst out into a brilliant barcarole that effectually stopped all further conversation. Ernest Dormer, who was present, watched her attentively.

"What's going on?" he thought to himself. "There's more than this morning's *fiasco* at the bottom of her very strange manner."

He went out on the balcony, and looked down into the garden, and to his surprise saw a man looking up at the house. He was going to speak, when the man saluted and said, quietly, "It's all right, sir, I'm on duty;" and to his astonishment he saw another emerge from the shadow of some trees.

"Is the house watched?" he asked.

"All around, sir, back and front," was the reply; and he returned to the drawing-room with a sick feeling of dismay creeping over him.

He said nothing of what he had seen; but another gentleman of the party was not so reticent.

"I say, Onslow," he said, "are there any suspicious characters amongst us?"

"I hope not. Why?"

"Because it seems to me there's a cordon of police round the house. They're evidently watching something, and I think it's your front and back doors."

CHAPTER XLII.

WHAT THE BOAT-HOOK BROUGHT UP.

One woe doth tread upon another's heels,
So fast they follow. *Shakespeare.*

Jasper Onslow laughed a nervous, unequal little laugh, and Muriel turned round from the piano with a face that was terrible to see in the contending emotions that were passing over it.

"What is going on?" Ernest Dormer said to himself. "There is something, I'm sure."

He went up to Muriel, who he saw was listening intently to every outside sound, and bent over her as she played. The remark had passed by without further notice, and the conversation had become general, but he saw that the attention of their hostess had been thoroughly diverted from all that was going on in-doors.

"Is the end coming?" he thought. "I must help her if it is."

What the "end" of which he thought was he alone knew. But his face was very grave as he stood beside Muriel, and slightly bent over her so that his words might not be heard.

"Mrs. Onslow," he said.

"Well?"

"Let me speak a word to you."

"Speak on."

The beautiful head, with its coronet of golden hair, never stirred, the face never turned a hair's breadth towards him, as she answered.

The white fingers went wandering aimlessly over the keys, and something in their nervous, restless twitching as they moved, made him feel inexpressibly uncomfortable, he scarce knew why.

"I think you are in great trouble?"

"Why?"

"I can read it in your face. I saw it but now when that remark about the police was made to your husband. I don't want to be intrusive, or to ask questions when I should not, but will you let me help you or Jasper in any way? If it is anything that you can tell me, do, and let me stand between you and harm, if I can do it."

She turned round and faced him now, but not with her eyes; they went wandering anywhere, everywhere, but to his face, and the gem-bedecked hands still twitched and plucked with the discomfort he had just noticed.

"In trouble?" she said, with a laugh that had a grim sound in it. "What should I be in trouble about? Does all this look like trouble?" she asked, with a motion of her hand which took in all the room, the lights, the luxuries, the guests. "What should trouble me? The police that you talked about just now? I am not afraid of them—ha! ha! ha! Watching this house! The notion is a very funny one, is it not, Mr. Dormer?"

Again she laughed—a wild, discordant laugh, that made every one in the room turn and look at her, and her husband come hastily to her side, alarmed at her wild look.

"Muriel, my dear, are you ill?" he asked, in concern.

"Ill? No! Why should I be ill? I am quite well. This is the last night of it all, you know. Why should we not enjoy ourselves, you and I?"

"My dear Muriel, hush! What are you talking about? Let me take you to your room for half an hour. You *are* ill—I can see it."

"Not yet," she replied, in the same curious tone, which made the guests gather round her in concern. "I am only waiting, that is all."

"Waiting for what, dear?" he asked, and she put up her hand with a listening gesture.

"For that!" she said, with a wild scream, as the sound of the front door bell sounded loudly through the house, and there seemed something of a bustle downstairs. "It has come too soon—too soon! I wanted *her* to be here to see the sight—ha! ha!"

Before they had time to see who it was that had arrived, or to consider what her wild words might mean, she had fallen down in their midst, her fair face distorted, and her hands plucking and tearing at the hair which had fallen from its fastenings and hung round her like a veil.

The arrival was no one particular; only another guest or two, who had come in rather noisily, and who had departed with all speed when they had heard what had happened.

They bore Muriel to her room, and sent for the nearest doctor, and Jasper sat by her with a face as white as the pillow on which she lay, wondering what it might all mean, and what Muriel had been doing. For that she had done something towards the revenge she spoke of he was sure.

The visitors could do nothing but express their sorrow and depart, Ernest Dormer alone staying to hear the verdict of the hastily-summoned doctors.

"The illness was not bodily, but mental," was the opinion they came to. "Mrs. Onslow must have had a great shock, or been in much distress of mind, to produce such an effect."

Jasper admitted, with many a twinge of conscience, that Muriel had been a great deal worried, but not in the way to drive her into incipient brain fever, which her illness appeared to be.

Before morning she was in a high fever, raving of wills, and murders, and police-courts, and then pitifully asking Jasper to forgive her, and offering her hair as payment for his release from prison.

Ernest Dormer began to suspect what it was that was wrong, and made his way to Great Coram-street to see Anthony Colliver. That gentleman was not at home, and his landlady was extremely garrulous about his absence.

"He wasn't fit to go, Mr. Dormer, indeed he wasn't," she said. "But he would. He was that determined I couldn't stop him, all I could say."

"But where is he gone?" Ernest asked.

"To fetch his brother, I heard him say," the woman replied.

"To fetch his brother?"

"He said so, sir—leastways, I think so. I know he said something about having found him, and that he should have him brought from wherever he was and buried decent. It's only his poor corpse they have found, the policeman said."

"They have found him, then?"

"Well, as far as I could make out, sir, Mr. Colliver had been to a magistrate with some one as had sworn that his brother was murdered and hid away somewhere. It's awful to think of, that it is, and it was a woman, too."

"A woman?"

"So I understood, sir. Will you please to sit down? You look as if you was tired."

"No, I am not tired, thank you."

"You are dreadfully pale then, sir."

"Am I? Where did you say Mr. Colliver had gone?"

"To Limehouse, sir. To the place where his brother used to live."

"Thank you. I'll see him when he comes back," Ernest Dormer said, staggering away from the door, feeling like a man who has had a crushing blow. "And Mrs. Onslow was no one knows where all the morning. Can she be the woman who has given the clue, and does the old manor house down there cover such a horrible secret? Great heaven! it is sickening to think of such a thing."

He had hit the truth; and while the police were watching Jasper Onslow's house, and Muriel was raving on a bed of fever, Anthony Colliver was commencing his search in the old manor.

The superintendent at the Limehouse station was inclined to pooh-pooh the whole affair, notwithstanding the Bow-street warrant.

"The old man went away," he said, while he prepared to go with the searchers. "That's certain to begin with."

"Not so certain," Anthony said, quietly. "My dear sir, he was seen and spoken to by more than one person."

"Then he came back, or my informant is mad; one or the other. Are you ready and prepared for what you have to do?"

"Yes, sir."

The officials were rather sulky. They did not believe the story, and looked upon Anthony Colliver as a tiresome old meddler.

The Manor was a grim, desolate-looking place now, with its broken windows boarded up, and its neglected forecourt wilder than ever. A crowd of eager boys and idlers collected when they saw what was going on, and it required the assistance of extra men from the police-office to keep them back while the necessary steps were taken to get an entrance.

The keys had not been demanded from Jasper Onslow.

Armed with the law's authority, Mr. Anthony Colliver might break in if he chose; and a side window, less heavily barred than most of the others, was chosen as the means of entrance.

The slightest of the party squeezed in through the small aperture, for it was a little window, and then opened the creaking front door to his companions and the fresh air, which seemed to have some difficulty in getting in, so foul and heavy was the atmosphere it encountered.

"Into the room where the well is," Anthony Colliver said, hoarsely. "It is there I shall find my brother."

None of them knew the house very well, for old Jabez had been very uncommunicative, and admitted no one into his place beyond the shop and a room upstairs. "The room with the well" was a *terra incognita* to the good folks of Limehouse.

"Behind the shop," Anthony said. "My directions were precise."

Through the shop they went, past heaps of merchandize of all sorts, covered with the dust of many long months—past trays of trinkets and odd lots of articles of *vertu*, to the little door, locked and bolted now, which led from the shop to the queer skylighted room at the back.

It took some time and trouble to get this open, for the lock was strong, and resisted all the efforts of the smith they had brought with them to open it. At length it gave way, and one after another they filed into the dim little chamber, and stood on the spot where the old man in their midst had declared he was going to find his brother.

The place was almost dark. The dirt had accumulated on the skylight and shut out the day, and the air was scarcely breathable from a sickening, fetid odor that seemed to fill the place.

"There's the well, safe enough," the inspector said, "and a queer looking place it is. Bear a hand here, please."

They pushed back the heavy lid, and retreated as far as they could, nearly knocked down by the smell that arose from the dark space beneath it.

"No one can go down there, sir," the officer said to Anthony Colliver. "It would be as much as a man's life was worth to try such a thing."

"I must have it searched. Money is no object so I find my brother. The man who will go down shall be a made man for the rest of his life," Anthony Colliver answered, excitedly. "The search must be made."

"We'll do all we can, sir," one of the men replied; "but I don't think there'd be a long life to provide for if any one went down. It wouldn't cost you much. We'll try a candle first, and if it's safe some one will go, never you fear."

But the candle flickered and burnt itself out in a dull, blue flame within a very few feet of the surface. Another and another followed, till the anxious searcher was fain to admit that it would be fatal to any one who attempted it. A boathook and a coil of stout rope offered the best substitute that could be had, and they made a temporary windlass with a long roller which they found in the musty cellar of the Manor House, and let down the rope over it.

Down it went, a fearful depth, now knocking against the sides of the well, now catching in small obstacles as it struck, till presently the man lowering it said that the boathook had reached the bottom. Then a cautious movement of the rope made it catch something which tore away as they pulled, and it was some time before, with all their care, they could get a firm hold of whatever the object was which lay there.

But they did get hold at last, and the rope strained and cracked under the weight of something which hung at the end of it. It was a moment of breathless suspense.

It seemed as though the rope must give way, and the inert weight at the end fall back into the depths from which it was being drawn.

But no such catastrophe happened. The rope held together, the hook kept its firm grip, and the burden it held came slowly to the top, to be seized by loathing hands, and

looked at with half-averted eyes—a heap of tattered, mildewed clothing, a leathern belt into which the hook had stuck, and a hideous mass of corruption and decay which had once been Jabez Colliver, but which was now only a terrible thing, to be covered from the sight of all, and buried with all haste, lest the living might suffer from the contamination of the dead.

(To be continued in our next.)

A REMARKABLE DREAM.

Some of the residents in the city of New York may yet remember those days of private and public agony, in October, 1854, when the Collins' steamship Arctic was overdue and supposed to be lost at sea.

The Collins' vessels were so regular that merchants timed the delivery of the mails almost to an hour; and when day after day sped by and neither the vessel nor any tidings of her came to hand, the gloom became deeper and deeper. Strange to relate, one of the most despondingwas Mr. E. K. Collins, the manager of the line, and the person after whom it was named. The crowds who flocked to the office to question him, and who naturally expected to see him full of hope, found him pale, dispirited, and often in tears. His wife and two children were on board; but it was thought that his confidence in the staunchness of his vessels, and the seamanship of those in charge of them, would make him treat the matter in a totally different spirit from what he did. Much surprise was expressed; but the actual reason for his great depression was at that time known only to a few of his relatives and most intimate friends. It arose, in truth, from a dream, which left an impression beyond his power to overcome, and which in the end was verified in every particular.

A number of the directors and various merchants were assembled in the private office of the company on a Monday afternoon. The vessel was then some two days overdue, having been expected on the previous Saturday evening. At the time, Mr. Collins lived at a magnificent residence in Westchester county, and had remained in town over Sunday, to receive his family on the arrival of the steamer. He spent Saturday night at the house of his brother, and on Sunday morning came down to the breakfast-table looking so haggard that it attracted attention. When spoken to about it, he frankly stated that he had passed a restless night, broken by a dream that the Arctic was lost. The matter was laughed at by the brother: but when Monday morning came without the vessel having been reported, Mr. Collins again spoke of his dream. During Monday he related it to several others, and at the hour of the assemblage in the private office it was told over again—with an injunction of secrecy, however, which prevented it from reaching the public. As one after another came into the office, they were painfully impressed with the gloom which was pictured in the face of Mr. Collins. A fine man, of erect stature, and marked dignity of manners, he did not look like a person who would give way to any useless fears on any occasion. But he was far more quiet than usual; he seemed to shrink away from those in conversation, and his face was of a death-like paleness.

"What's the matter with Collins?" asked one and another, in whispers.

"Remember his wife and children are on board the Arctic," observed some one, in reply.

"Yes," responded another, "but there is no occasion for alarm. The ship is a staunch one, and within a few hours at most will, I think, come gallantly to her wharf."

"Never!" said a deep solemn voice.

All gave a slight start at the tone and words, and turned in the direction whence they proceeded. The speaker was Mr. Collins himself.

"I am satisfied, gentlemen," he remarked, in the same solemn manner, "that the Arctic has gone to the bottom."

"Impossible?" cried all.

"I am quite astonished at that opinion," said Mr. James Brown, a leading director. "No one knows better than you do, Mr. Collins, the superior construction of the ships of our line, and the qualifications of the chief officer and crew in charge of the Arctic."

"Any vessel may be lost," said Mr. Collins; "and while I am satisfied that as directors and public servants we have done all that human beings could do in such a matter, still I believe the Arctic to be lost. May Heaven have protected those on board!"

Here his voice failed him, and his eyes were suffused with tears. With his thoughts far out on the broad, dangerous ocean, he had seen the faces of his wife and children among those helpless ones, and for the moment he could say no more.

The scene was affecting in the extreme, and perhaps never had its equal in any counting-room in the world. For some time there was an entire silence, and then Mr. Brown remarked, "Mr. Collins, you must have some reason for your opinion."

"None in the world," returned Mr. Collins, "except a dream."

"A dream!" repeated one and another in astonishment.

All sneered, and some almost laughed aloud.

"Gentlemen, said Mr. Collins with a dignity which was peculiarly impressive in him—"gentlemen, you no doubt regard this as a great weakness. Perhaps it is. Dreams are generally looked upon as foolish things; but I have had one under such circumstances that it has become to me a presentiment of evil to this ship, which no power on earth can remove."

Every person there listened with his ears wide open, and looked full in the face of the usually strong-minded man, who spoke these words so seriously and impressively.

"Last Saturday night," continued Mr. Collins, "I dreamed of the Arctic. I saw her as perfectly before me as I ever saw her. It was her graceful model, her spacious deck, and her noble officers and crew—I saw all of this, and more. I saw a hole in her side; there was a panic on her decks; people were running hither and thither, and crying to be saved; and, gentlemen, I saw that noble ship *go down!*"

"But all this was a dream," said Mr. Brown, after a moment.

"I believe it a reality," replied Mr. Collins; "and again I say may Heaven have protected those poor souls on board. However, I beg that neither my dream nor convictions may reach the public."

Soon after, the merchants went their several ways. Not one of them could shake off the impression made by what had occurred. Meanwhile, the newspapers endeavored to sustain public confidence by all kinds of plausible stories. Three days later, the first of the survivors reached American shores with the harrowing tale of disaster by collision to the Arctic, and of the loss of most of those on board. When all the facts became known, they were exact in every particular with Mr. Collins' dream, and it may be properly regarded as one of the most striking and remarkable that ever occurred.

FACETIÆ

On the Contrary—Riding a mule.

Burrow Representatives—Rabbits.

The Place for a Picnic—The Sandwich Islands.

Clerical Errors—Three-quarters-of-an-hour sermons.

Why is grass like a pen-knife? Because the spring brings out the blades.

Sir Garnet Wolseley has been waxed at last; Madame Tussaud did it.

Jones says that why he isn't married is because that when he wooed she wouldn't.

A Georgia paper promises to publish a "thrilling cereal." Its readers will probably make an oat of it.

"Where do wicked little boys go to who fish on Sunday?" asked a teacher in a Sunday-school. "Down to Cullom's Raffle," was the prompt reply.

"I can't bear," said Sidney Smith, "to be imprisoned in the true orthodox way in my pulpit, with my head just peeping above the desk. I like to look down upon my congregation—to fire into them. The common people say I am a 'bould preacher,' for I like to have my arms free, and to thump the pulpit. A singular *contretemps* happened to me once, when, to effect this, I had ordered the clerk to pile up some hassocks for me to stand on. My text was, 'We are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed.' I had scarcely uttered these words, and was preparing to illustrate them, when I did so practically, and in a way I had not at all anticipated. My fabric of hassocks suddenly gave way; down I fell, and with difficulty prevented myself from being precipitated into the arms of my congregation, who, I must say, behaved very well, and recovered their gravity sooner than I could have expected."

The late Shah of Persia was more anxious than able to acquire the fame of a poet. He had just completed a new performance in very "peculiar metre," and summoned the Court Poet into the royal presence to hear the poem read. The Laureate was either an unusually conscientious courtier or he was afraid of losing his berth if his master took to rhyming on his own account; so, when his opinion was asked, he condemned the composition. The Shah, enraged at the uncourtly criticism, gave orders that the Court Poet should be taken to the stable, and tied up in the same stall with a donkey. Here the poor sinner remained until his royal rival had perpetrated another poem, when he was commanded to pass judgment upon the second poem. He listened in silence to the reading, and at the conclusion, his opinion being requested, he fell upon his knees, and significantly exclaimed to the royal author, "Send me back to the donkey!"

Robinson's wife having gone to the country, R. writes an old college friend, named Polley, to come and have a good time. Arrangements scarcely made, when a note arrives from wife's uncle, who is rich, old, and a bachelor, to say he is on his way to put up with them for a bit. Plans thus frustrated, Robinson sits down and hurriedly writes three postal cards, namely:

No. 1, (to his uncle.)—Dear old boy, delighted to see you. Don't fail to come!

No. 2, (to his wife.)—My dear angel, that confounded old bore of an uncle of yours is coming to stay. Hurry home.

No. 3, (to his friend.)—My dearest Polley, no go this time. Wife coming home. Better luck next time. *Nil desperandum.* Ever yours. R.

In his haste and irritation he turned the cards over on his blotter, and directed No. 1 to Polley, No. 2 to the uncle, and No. 3 to his wife. Slow curtain on very awkward tableau.

Love Put to Flight.—A few days ago a young couple were "sighing for the knot there's no untying." They had known each other long, and thought they knew each other well.

One evening the gallant called upon his future bride. He had passed the previous night with a party of bachelor friends, and didn't "go home till morning." As a consequence, not even the bright eyes of his dulcinea could drive sleep from his eyelids. He reclined upon the sofa, and suddenly dropped into the land of dreams. Heavy breathing was followed by a slight snore, which developed into a snort, which caused the house to tremble. There was as little variation in the nasal music as in the puffing of a high-pressure steamer.

The young lady began to think of the future; then wept. She shook her sleeping lover, but he snored with renewed vigor. At last she was furious, and seizing his hair, gave it a jerk that brought him to his feet. He stammered:

"What's the matter, my——"

"Matter enough," she replied. "I shall die an old maid before I marry a man that snores. Good night!"

She left the parlor—he the house. The young lady could not keep the secret, and the reason why the match was broken off is now generally known among their circle of friends.

Doing a Dun.—"I have a small bill against you," said a pertinacious-looking collector, as he entered the store of one who had acquired the character of a hard customer.

"Yes, sir, a very fine day, indeed," was the reply.

"I am not speaking of the weather, but your bill," replied the collector, in a loud key.

"It would be better if we had a little rain."

"Confound the rain," continued the collector, and, raising his voice, added, "have you the money to pay this bill?"

"Beg your pardon, I'm hard of hearing. I've made it a rule not to lend my funds to strangers, and I really don't recognise you."

"I'm collector for the *Daily Extinguisher* newspaper, sir, and I have a bill against you," persisted the collector, at the top of his voice, producing the bill, and thrusting it in the face of his debtor.

"I've determined to endorse bills for no one; you may put the bill back into your pocket-book, I really can't endorse it."

"Confound your endorsement! Will you pay it?"

"You'll pay it, no doubt, sir, but there's always a risk about these matters, you know; so I must decline it."

"The money must be mine to-day."

"Oh, yes, ninety days, but I would not endorse a bill for you at a week; so get out of my store! It is seldom that I am pressed upon for an endorsement, even by a friend; on the part of a stranger, sir, it is inexplicable. Do not force me to put you out; leave the premises."

The bill was returned to the *Extinguisher* office, endorsed "So dreadfully deaf that he couldn't understand."

ASHLEY.

BY W. B. WILLIAMS.

What the sun is to the earth, Douglass Welch was to me; and no night was ever so dark and gloomy as was my life when I shut his face away. Stern, reserved, and even harsh as he sometimes seemed to others, he was the soul of gentleness to me, loving me with the whole of his strong, manly heart, and caring for me with the most devoted tenderness.

Nothing is so sweet to a lonely woman as to feel herself beloved like this; and nothing would have been so sweet to me as to have looked into his pleading eyes, and said, "Yes, I will be your wife;"—but too well I knew that such words, if they ever came from my lips, must not be said to such as he. Our positions were too far apart, and our stations were too separate, to be ever bridged by human love; and I knew long before he asked me to be his, that, when the question did come, we must meet no more.

It would have been useless for me to have tried not to love him. I did not try. All was his that my poor heart had to give. I suppose he knew it. It was little matter if he did, since he also knew that my pride was equal to my love, and that I could no more be moved from my purpose, to never call him mine, than the hills could be moved from their places upon the unyielding earth.

"But I am certain you love me, Lizzie," he said, calmly, after I had told him of my determination.

"Be just as certain that I shall leave you," I answered.

"You are strong, I know; but, after all, you are human, and must have love."

"I have had it," I replied, unflinchingly; "and I can now give it up, when I know that I must."

"You will not take it always?"

His tones were tender and beseeching; so tender that it was worse than death for me to turn away, and never listen to his dear voice again.

He saw that I wavered, and he was quick to improve it.

"I have been kind to you, Lizzie."

What a temptation it was.

"And I have a pleasant home awaiting you," he went on, more cheerfully. "We should be so happy!"

I felt the color die out of my cheeks and lips, but answered, steadily: "Nevertheless, I cannot be yours. The world shall never throw contempt upon you for my sake."

I have an indistinct remembrance of our parting; but I was myself in a few hours afterwards, and then I hastily made arrangements to leave the place.

Away, away from Douglass Welch. That would be my only salvation. If half the world lay out between us, all the better for both. But how dreary the world looked to me, after all. It is such a weary thing for a woman to face the world alone. It is so much easier to shut one's eyes, and slip out of life, and be done forever with all its aches and pains!

I went to Ashwood as governess.

A year I had been there, I think, when Mrs. Parkes's sister Gertrude came down to spend the holidays. She was a handsome woman, stately as a queen; and yet, with all her stateliness, she was gentle and kind as any angel could be. For a wonder, I liked her. She talked to me as friend speaks to friend, and seemed entirely to ignore the fact that I was not her acknowledged equal. She was to be married, the ensuing spring, so she told me; and I remembered how lustrous her eyes grew as she spoke of it. I thought then how happy the man must be who had won her heart.

There were to be many guests on Christmas eve, and then Gertrude's lover was coming. I did not care about going down among the crowd, but Mrs. Parkes insisted upon it, and Gertrude laughingly said that she would not allow me to see her lover, if I did not; so at last I consented to take my share in the gaieties.

Towards the middle of the evening, and when the rooms were getting crowded, I saw Gertrude enter the door, leaning upon a gentleman's arm. I knew it was her lover, but until that moment, heaven help me! I did not know that her lover was Douglass Welch.

The room grew dark before me, and I think I should have given way had not Mrs. Parkes called me to my senses by coming up at that instant, and asking me to play.

I did not wait for a second bidding. Perhaps, after all, I had been deceived. It might not be Douglass Welch. I could not think that it could be; it was such a cruel thing to believe! I dared not take another look; but, crossing the room quickly, I sat down at the piano, and took up some music.

Something I played—I never could tell what—until I heard Gertrude's voice close beside me.

"Let some one take your place," she said, "Douglass has come."

I could have struck the smiling woman as she whispered the name in my ear. Her Douglass! I rose.

"This is Mr. Welch——"

She began a formal introduction, but he interrupted her.

"Elizabeth!" he gasped out.

I had had time to collect myself a little, and therefore had the advantage of him. I knew my face was white—Gertrude must see that—but my voice was steady and clear as I looked up, and said, "How do you do, Mr. Welch?"

Then, turning to Gertrude, I added, "Mr. Welch and I have met before."

She was too proud and kind to notice our confusion, singular as it must have seemed to her, and said, at once, "I am so glad you are acquainted. It will be very pleasant for us."

I doubted it somewhat, but said nothing in reply. She introduced him to others standing near, and I turned again to the piano. I watched him the rest of the evening, but without seeming to do so. He had not changed. His face was as handsome and as proud as ever, and he seemed, I thought, a little less reserved than usual to the company.

Once only our eyes met. I could have cried out in very agony. I clutched my hands together until the nails cut into the flesh, and shut my teeth tightly, lest some of the storm that was raging within should escape me. That he was also suffering, I well knew. Every expression of his face I understood; and looking into that, I could see that there was agony in his soul as well as in mine.

The night that followed was a long one to me. As soon as the faintest indications of dawn began to appear, I dressed hurriedly, and went down into the library. A dim light was burning; and in a large chair before the fire, his face buried in his hands, sat Douglass Welch. I had quite crossed the room before I saw him; then I turned quickly, and was hastening back, when he sprang up, rushed past me, slammed to the door before me, and stood against it.

"So," he said, looking at me steadily with his great wide-open eyes, "so you cannot sleep either!"

"I had better go," I said.

"You are not going now, Lizzie," he replied.

"Gertrude!" I cried, wildly. "Oh, think of her. It would kill her to doubt you. Let me out."

He took my hand in his, and forced me into a chair, took another, and sat down in it beside me.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"What should I mean?" I retorted.

"I don't think either of us know quite what we are talking of. First, how long have you been here?"

"A year."

"I never knew it,"

"Of course not."

"You are not yet tired of your life?"

"Hush!" I had risen from my chair. "I will not hear such words."

He took my arm roughly.

"You shall hear them. Sit down."

He was not in a mood to be trifled with. Neither was I.

"If you detain me against my will, you are no gentleman."

"Gentleman or no gentleman, you will remain; and, as sure as heaven, you shall be my promised wife before either of us go out of yonder door!"

I laughed in his face.

"I am not a Mormon yet."

His eyes flashed.

"Be wary of your words."

"Then, if you like it better, I am not in the habit of promising to marry a man who already has another betrothed to him."

He grasped my arm again.

"It is false!"

"You are bound to Gertrude Heath."

"Is that what you mean?" a sudden recognition of the truth coming to him. "My brother is engaged to her; not I."

He gathered me in his arms, without another word; and I was only too glad to throw down all my pride and all my fears, and give him the required promise.

That morning Gertrude's real lover arrived, the mistake was explained, and Douglass presented to them his promised wife.

When the next springtime came, there was a double wedding at Ashley, and Gertrude and I have for many years spent the holidays at the dear old place.

THE INVENTOR OF THE JACQUARD LOOM.

Jacquard was a straw manufacturer in the city of Lyons; he was a poor man, and he had received little or no instruction. During the war with England, an article appeared in the French *Moniteur*, which stated that a person in England had offered a large sum of money to any man who could produce a machine by which a net could be made. This set him to work, and he did get over the great difficulty of producing a machine by which a knot could be tied. The thing was forgotten, till, by some accident, this net was given to the great Emperor Napoleon, and he was told that a poor man on the banks of the Rhone had solved a very great and difficult problem. Jacquard, in great poverty, one day, and scarcely knowing how to exist, was surprised by the visit of a sergeant of *gendarmes*, who knocked at the door. He came down stairs, and the sergeant said, "I have orders to take you to Paris."

"Who has sent for me at Paris?" he cried.

"Why, you will hear that when you get there. There is a carriage waiting for you," exclaimed the sergeant.

"I must send for my wife, and make preparation," said Jacquard.

"No, you must go as you are," replied the sergeant.

And he was taken to the Palace of the Tuileries, and instantly introduced to two persons—no less distinguished than Napoleon Bonaparte and his great minister, Carnot.

Napoleon said: "They tell me you say you can tie a knot in a straight string (for that is the art of knitting) by a piece of machinery. I don't believe you; and in order to try you, I will have you locked up in an apartment, and supplied with materials upon which to work, and everything you require to make your machine."

Well, Jacquard set to work so locked up, and constructed a machine; was covered with honor, continued to direct his attention to mechanical art, and afterwards produced that machine which bears his name, and, which, by merely throwing the shuttle across the warp, produced a revolution in French manufacture; thrice the people of the city of Lyons rose upon Jacquard; twice they attempted to drown him in the Rhone. He withdrew himself from the world for many years, still attempting to be the benefactor of his native land.

Opinion changed, however, and before he died he was the recipient of a liberal pension, not only from the city of Lyons, but from the French government. He died upon the property which was conveyed to him, the grateful gift of the people he had honored and elevated; and when he was carried to his tomb, the city of Lyons declared that his portrait should be painted and hung in the School of Arts.

NATURAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF HISTORY.

In past times, when books were scarce, and pictures, though called "the books of the simple," were still more inaccessible, our forefathers, curiously and cleverly, drew popular illustrations of history from nature. They found, here and there, among Nature's works, certain marks and features, which they applied to the embellishment of legends and facts familiar to their minds. As this sort of old-fashioned lip-lore is not likely to be preserved unless some care is taken of it, we have strung a few of these natural symbols together, for the sake of their curiosity.

On the back of the haddock, near the head, are two round dark marks. These, dame and maid have whispered to each other through centuries of days, are tokens of those made by the finger and thumb of St. Peter.—On the back of every ass there is a rude cross outlined by the intersection of a dark stripe with the ridge of the spine. The story is that the stripe is the mark left by a blow given by Balaam to his ass, and some people accordingly look on it with a degree of awe. The stripe is simply one of those natural marks, indicative that the animal is generically connected with the zebra.—On the breast of the robin is a red spot, contracted first at Calvary.—In the head of the lobster is a formation representing a lady or virgin seated in a chair.—In the head of the shrimp, among the antennæ, are two semi-transparent pale nude figures, bearing a striking resemblance to human beings. These are identified as Adam and Eve.—In men's throats, Eve and the apple are commemorated in the *Pomum Adami*.—On the stone of the date is a configuration in the form of the letter O, recording the exclamation of the Virgin in appreciation of the sweetness of the fruit.—In the flowers of the passion-flower are to be seen the implements of the Crucifixion.

In this way our forefathers gratified their homely fancy. We still speak of the eyes of Argus in peacock's tails, of Venus' fly-trap among flowers, of the sphynx among moths; but the awed kind of interest with which such things were discussed in the days of yore, and the mixture of poetical freedom and practical experience that sought them out, are gone forever.

PECULIAR CHARACTERS.

In our daily pursuits, we at times meet with people whose manners or actions, from their adverseness to those we are accustomed to, attract our attention. We style them peculiar characters. They are people whose early surroundings, and the events which have transpired in their youth, have stamped on their minds certain impressions, which no power on earth can tear from them. These impressions form a sort of foundation for all their future life: inasmuch as they are the basis on which all of men's actions, good or bad, rise to produce their destiny. As it takes "all kinds of men" to make a world, the peculiarities by which a great many people distinguish themselves are very numerous. To better understand them, they may be divided into two classes—namely, the peculiarities of nature and of habit.

The peculiarities of nature are not derived from early impressions. They are born with us; they grow up with us, and it is very seldom that we can do away with them; and, in instances where it is done, it is only by perseverance. Under this head, rank eloquence, amiability, obstinacy, bravery, cowardice, ingenuity, stupidity, humor, dullness, &c., &c. These natural peculiarities often produce peculiarities in the habits of those invested with them; for the proof of which many cases could be cited where men, ignorant of the fact, have displayed amusing or annoying habits.

The peculiarities of habit are such as impress themselves on our natures from our constant surroundings. They are those which produce our manners; and to this list may be put the proud, the haughty, the knave, the barbarian, the civil, the polite, the enthusiast, the philosopher, &c., &c.

History shows us not a few great characters who were possessed of peculiarities. Taking a brief glance over it, we find Alexander the Great, of Macedonia, *crying* because he cannot conquer the whole world; Nero, playing unconcernedly on his fiddle, while his beautiful capital is being devoured by flames. There is Louis XVIII, of France, who is disputing the meaning of some Greek proverb, while Napoleon is at the gates of Paris, at the instant of driving him (Louis) off his throne.

And so it follows that all men's actions are caused by either the peculiarities of their nature or habits.

Sisters.—There is nothing so beneficially educating to a young man as the companionship of sisters. They laugh him out of those little awkwardnesses of manner, which otherwise might become habitual. They refine him unconsciously in all matters of taste and politeness. They nip the little buds of puppyism, which under other circumstances might flaunt their flowering before less partial eyes. When brothers refuse to accompany their sisters, in order to dance attendance upon other young ladies, let them remember who made them presentable and agreeable to "the other young ladies." It is better to be laughed at at home than abroad, young man.

Sir Isaac Newton, a little before he died, said, "I don't know what I may seem to the world, but, as to myself, I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

As the rose-tree contains the sweetest flowers and the sharpest thorns; as the heavens are sometimes fair and sometimes overcast, alternately tempestuous and serene, so is the life of man intermingled with hopes and fears, with joys and sorrows, with pleasures and with pains.

Zeal is very blind or badly regulated when it encroaches upon the rights of others.

All for the Best.—When any calamity happens, we often hear people, by way of consoling the sufferers, say, "Never mind; don't fret; it's all for the best." It is very good advice, indeed, very judicious, and no doubt kindly meant; but somehow it does not have the effect it is intended to produce. Instead of drying up tears, and bringing a smile to the lips, the mourners seem to think that, if it is the best, it is a great deal too bad, and their grief is aggravated by the reflection that for them a better fate is not forthcoming. Nay, when the people themselves who use the phrase as a balm for the woes of others have it applied to themselves, in their own periods of trouble, it does not bring with it any consolation. They are proved bad mental physicians, by the fact that their own remedies are inefficacious when applied to them.

The little things which you may do for those about you, will fall back upon your heart as the summer dews fall upon the vineyard. It dries the tears of sorrow and renders earth a paradise where otherwise it would be all gloom.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

A limited number of suitable advertisements will be inserted at the following rates. On the Third page, after reading matter, Seventy-five cents a line; on Seventh page, Fifty cents a line, agate measurement. Cash to be paid in advance.

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THE BOUDOIR

FASHION NOTES AND QUERIES

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

The bright summer sky, and the breezes, wafted by us laden with the fragrance of fruit and flower, make hundreds long for a change for the country, where they can revel in Nature's beauties. Those who travel each year, to whom a visit to the sea-shore is nothing new, need hardly to be told of the damaging effect of salt, damp air upon an unsuited wardrobe.

WOOLEN COSTUMES

are always chosen by those crossing the water. Many ladies are advised to get black silk, as a proper traveling suit for a trans-Atlantic voyage.

Silk, of course, has many advantages: it is black; it can be cleaned; and it is suitable for the saloon or the promenade-deck; but woe unto one who expects to land with the silk suitable for aught else.

The salt air stiffens and cracks silk, so that it soon drops in holes after one such voyage. Linen and cotton are made limp and dragged, and give one an uncomfortably ragged feeling after a few wearings. Therefore, woolen suits, in materials so light as to be as cool as muslins, are quite in demand. Among them may be named wool bereges and camel's hair serge; French twilled serges and all-wool kerseys also enter largely into the make-up of out-door dresses for the sea-shore.

REGATTA DRESSES.

Now that "yachting regattas for ladies" are in vogue, suits on purpose for them are necessary.

While all ladies will not attend a so-called "regatta," those at the water-side will have many opportunities to find such a suit useful.

A description of *one* will prove a useful hint for the many:

Navy-blue camel's hair serge; the skirt a plain gored front, side gores, and one straight width at the back. The trimming five rows of inch-wide white Hercules braid; the skirt reaching but little below the ankles; the overskirt a plain, round skirt, looped in the back, and trimmed with three rows of braid. The blouse of flannel, with the collar meeting about midway the chest, was worn over a skirt waist of blue and white striped linen. This, too, had a sailor collar, worn with a blue and white necktie, with anchors in the ends; and we should mention there were anchors in the corners of the flannel collar, embroidered in white silk floss. Blue and white striped stockings and low shoes; and a broad-brimmed Leghorn hat, bound with blue, with a band and ends of same color, finished with silver anchors—completed one of the prettiest yachting costumes of the season.

GRENADINES

are being made into evening dresses, always in conjunction with some delicate-tinted silk.

One shown us, the pipings, vest and fichu were of pink; another in blue; another in canary color; and a black with diamond points of gold, was made with a coat basque, over a vest of gold-colored silk; the front of skirt was puffed diagonally and the puffs separated by inch-wide pipings of the silk. The back was trimmed with puffs and ruffles, bound and divided by the silk, and down either side of the front covering the edge of the flounces, were a succession of flat bows of the grenadine over the gold-color silk. Golden poppies were to be worn at the throat and in the hair.

IN MOURNING

Tamise cloth and grenadine form the two favorite materials for dresses. Grenadines are made in folds over black silk. Tamise trimmed with crape; a hat with loopings of same, an immensely long veil pinned to hang over the back, while a short veil of blue grenadine is worn over the face.

Ladies in the deepest mourning wear small ties of black silk tulle or crape, fastened on the left shoulder, with a small cluster of fine white flowers for the deepest, and purple pansies for lighter mourning.

LACE HATS

are greatly in demand; the new embroidered jet crowns making them especial favorites. They are made over a lace frame, and the front has a bandeau of jet, and a wreath of delicately-fine white flowers often takes the place of the crepe-lisse border so universally worn.

FICHUS

so necessary now to the finish of an elaborate toilette, are gotten up with exquisite taste, and withal simply made. A foundation is first cut and fitted for the right slope of the shoulders, and then covered with crepe lisse tulle, or *crepe du chene* in folds. Each fold edged with valenciennes, or covered with puffs divided with inserting or a fold of silk or very narrow velvet, in all cases. The entire fichu is edged with lace.

BELTS AND ATTACHMENTS.

No toilette is considered complete without them, and the demand has caused inventions of peculiar rarity. The prices range from $3 to $150. The latest is the heavy silk galloon, richly studded with jets, and finished with jet fringe.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

HEIGHTY TOITY. A suit quite like the yachting suit above described, would not be out of place for mountain-climbing, of which you confess yourself so fond. Thin dresses are not so much needed in mountainous regions. A black grenadine, one white and one dainty organdy would do you nicely.

ANXIOUS MOTHER. Have your little one's hair clipped close to the head. It will improve the hair, assure its keeping out of her eyes, and if care is taken to always brush it up from the forehead, you may remedy the effect of the "Shetland pony style."

MATTIE AND SUSIE. Young girls still cling to sacques for wraps, leaving the mantillas for elder ladies. June rose flowers of every description are worn, though the preference seems to be for white or lemon. Morvan flowers are new, and take well in unison with lemon or pink roses.

ALICE ETHEL.

ETERNITY.—Eternity is a solemn word and a solemn world. The soul of man shrinks back with dismay and dread from entering that mysterious abode of spirits. And yet all are on their way to eternity, and must soon enter it, and enter it alone. But how little think the gay and pleasure-loving, who tread so near its dark shores, how soon they must launch away on that untried ocean!

SUNSHINE is a powerful treatment for diseases. If you aspire to health and happiness, you must allow the sunlight to come into your houses.

A YARD OF LOVE-RIBBON.

BY AYLINE AROON.

'Twas an exquisite moment,
Long dwelt on and treasured,
When that yard of "love-ribbon"
With Mary I measured.
Her breath was so sweet,
And her cheeks like the roses,
Her lips like twin posies,
Ah, me! and ah, me!

She, though shy and so modest,
Her blue eyes half hidden,
Put her two little hands
Into mine, all unbidden.
The delicate touch
Of her warm, clasping fingers,
In memory lingers,
Ah, me! and ah, me!

Oh, a yard of love-ribbon,
Cut off with two kisses,
What a measure of joy!
What a heaven of blisses!
The forfeit once paid,
And sweet Mary then seated—
Could it have been repeated!
Ah, me! and ah, me!

Long, long years since that moment,
Long years she's been wedded;
Yet the daw of our kiss
On my lips seems embedded
Her breath was so sweet,
And her cheeks like the roses,
Her lips like twin posies,
Ah, me! and ah, me!

ON A LEE-SHORE.

BY C. D. CLARK.

Night upon Ontario—one of the great lake chain—and a swift schooner rushing on before the rapidly-increasing force of the wind. A clean-built craft, with graceful lines and sharp prow, her tapering masts and white sails gleaming in the rays of the moon, which touched the tops of the rising waves with points of silver. The captain stood aft, upon the quarter-rail, holding on by the main rattlins, his black, curling hair, under the force of the wind, flying back from beneath his "Scotch" cap.

"There'll be more wind before there is less, Oscar," said the captain, turning to the mate, who stood near at hand. "Take care there, Frobisher, you are letting her fall off; touch her up, quick!"

The wheel, in the hands of the stout seaman, flew swiftly round a half-turn, and the schooner lay nearer to the wind, heeling over until her main boom dragged in the water.

"This won't do, Oscar," said Captain Floyd, turning his handsome face again to the mate. "We'll have to undress the 'Witch,' I think."

"Looks like it, Cap," said Oscar Barnes, a tough old sailor, who had sailed the lake for many a year, and knew it like a printed book. "The wind freshens every moment."

"See to it, then; we'll have the sticks out of her, if this keeps on. Call all hands to shorten sail."

All the "kites" came down as if by magic, and the Westside, under close-reefed foresail, storm-jib and staysail, was lugging along through the green water. The moon was now obscured by rising clouds, and an utter darkness fell upon the lake. Captain Floyd did not leave the deck, and, as he stood forward, looking out into the gloom, he felt a light hand upon his shoulder.

"Is there danger, George? Why do you leave us alone in the cabin?"

"Annette!" cried the captain, "go below at once, for the wind is rising, and we shall have wet decks before morning."

"You know that I am never afraid of danger, by your side, George," she said.

He looked at her tenderly, by the light of the lantern which gleamed upon the ratlins close at hand. It was a beautiful face, a trifle browned by exposure to the sun and wind, with brown hair curling in little rings about her shapely head. A sweet, tender mouth, fathomless blue eyes, or fathomless they seemed when you looked into their clear depths. Tender, tried and true,—you could read all this in that sweet face. This was the wife of young Captain Floyd—a bride of three months—and it is no wonder that the love-light came into his eyes as he looked at her.

"But you must not stay on deck, dearest," he said; "I can take care of the schooner, but you will worry me if you stay on deck."

"I will be as quiet as a mouse, George, dear," said the young wife. "Let me stand here by you, and I will not trouble you at all. It is so dark and dismal in the cabin, with the sound of the waves against the planks, and the wind roaring outside. Do let me stay."

"Will you go when I tell you?" he demanded.

"Yes, George; but do not drive me away unless there is real danger."

He rigged a life-line near the wheel, and made her stand there, and never left her side. The wind increased in violence, the flapping of the sails, the whistle and ring of the wire rigging, as the fury of the gale tried it, and the creaking of the spars, sounded strangely in the midst of the gloom.

"It is grand, but awful—such a scene as this, George," said the young wife. "Will the masts stand it?"

"They've got to stand it," replied George, as he scanned the upper rigging with the keen eye of a sailor. "I would not send a man aloft in such a night as this, unless in a moment of extreme danger, and then it must be volunteers. Does she answer the helm well, Barnes?"

"She takes the bit in her teeth now and then," said the man at the wheel. "I wish you would send Dave Barrett here."

The man required quickly took his place at the wheel, and the swift schooner sped on through the thickening gloom. The waves reared their white tops higher and higher, and the masts bent and swayed as the wind rushed through them. Oscar Barnes lay out upon the bowsprit, trying to penetrate the gloom ahead, when his practised ear caught a sound at which even he started and turned pale. It was the roar of breakers upon a rocky shore close in front.

"Cap!" he shouted, "come forward a moment."

George ran forward, and joined the mate.

"Hush!" whispered Barnes. "Do you hear that, George?"

He heard it—the loud, broken roar which the true sailor knew so well.

"Four-mile Point," said Barnes. "We've got to claw off this shore someway, or we'll lay the bones of the Westside on that rocky shore. You know what that means in such a night as this."

"Shake out a reef in the foresail, and set another jib, eh?" said George, in a sort of questioning tone. Barnes had been his mate so long that the young captain treated him as a trusted friend.

"That's it," said Oscar. "Nothing else will save us."

George sprang across the slippery deck to his wife.

"I know what you are going to say," she cried, as she saw his face by the light of the binnacle, "Don't send me below, George. If there is danger, I must share it with you."

"It's just as well, George," said Barnes, who had followed him; "you'd better let her stay on deck."

"Stand by the foresail!" cried George. "Shake out those points, lively; walk away with the halyards—hoist the peak—belay and make fast! Keep her up, there, at the wheel! How we go!"

The schooner seemed to tremble through all her frame, and the foremast bent like a bow as the additional sail was spread. The men at the wheel understood what was required of them, and, in spite of the danger, they laid her half a point nearer the wind. The schooner was absolutely flying, and the roar of the breakers grew louder every moment. The moon, bursting suddenly from behind a cloud, revealed their danger. Half a mile in front the water was churned into foam, and under that dazzling surge the bones of many a noble schooner had been laid.

"Hold her there!" cried George. "She *must* stand it!"

The prow of the schooner receded a little more from the threatened danger, but she seemed to lie upon her side, and the water rushed into her lee-scuppers and half-flooded the deck. George, with one arm thrown protectingly about his wife, held to a life-line with his disengaged hand.

"She'll bear it!" he cried. "Ah!"

The foretopmast, unable to bear the strain, snapped suddenly at the cap. Oscar Barnes did not wait for orders, but, grasping an axe, he sprang into the rigging, for he knew that unless the wreck was cut away she would drift to leeward, and they were doomed. They saw the active form run up the rigging like a cat, and the broad blade of the knife gleamed in the light of the moon. A few quick strokes, and the broken mast went over the side, and the ship again obeyed her helm. The cheering shout of Oscar Barnes was heard above the roar of the storm, as the Westside flew by the point within fifty feet of the outer rim of the breakers.

"We are safe, darling," said George, as his arm was closer pressed about the form of his wife. "Oh! heaven save him, he is gone!"

How it was done, no one knew, but the form of Oscar Barnes was seen cleaving the air, disappearing head foremost in the boiling waves at their feet. He had done his work—had saved the schooner—and, in the moment of triumph, he was gone. An hour later the ship was in harbor, and George went sadly up to the office to report the death of poor Barnes.

"Dead!" said Mr. Stacey, the junior partner. "We have lost the best mate that ever sailed for us. If he had lived, I would have given him a schooner——"

"I wouldn't take her!" roared a stentorian voice. "I sail with Captain George!"

And there stood Barnes, dripping like a river-god, safe and sound. There was a happy time when Oscar met Annette Floyd, and when George sailed again his mouthpiece was Oscar Barnes, the same cool old sailor as ever. While George Floyd sails the lake, Oscar Barnes will stand by his side.

COMETS.

The ancients, believing comets to be atmospheric phenomena, and ignorant of their true nature, superstitiously regarded them as the precursors of some disastrous event. But that any person should, at the present day, so regard them, when the science of astronomy is so universally taught, and the nature and substance of comets so generally known, is certainly a matter of surprise. They are now shown to be periodic visitors, and the orbits of many of them have been accurately defined, and the times of their return correctly predicted. As seen by the unassisted eye, a comet has a luminous appearance, and is composed of a head, to which is generally attached the luminous appendage termed its tail. The head consists, for the most part, of an ill-defined luminous haze, with a mass of light in the centre, termed the nucleus. This, in size and appearance, has a near resemblance to a star or small planet. From this a long stream of light shoots out, which is called its tail, and, from its hair-like appearance, is derived the name of comet, from the Greek word *Kome*, signifying "hair."

The tail or appendage to the one known as the Comet of Donati, was estimated at fifty million miles. That of the Comet of 1843, one of the most brilliant comets ever seen, was estimated to be nearly three times as long, being about once and a half the distance of the earth from the sun. The large and brilliant one that appeared in 1680, is supposed by many to have been the one that appeared in the year 44 B. C., just prior to the death of Julius Cæsar, making one revolution round the sun in the space of seventeen hundred and twenty-four years. It was from this comet that Newton obtained the *data* which enabled him to ascertain the fact that comets move round the sun in elliptic or parabolic orbits. This is regarded as one of the most brilliant comets ever seen. Its tail extended over an arch of ninety degrees, and it approached nearer to the sun than any of the other comets, except the comet of 1843, which is generally considered by astronomers to have surpassed in magnificence and splendor any other comet known. It is not settled how many comets there are revolving round our sun; but it may safely be said that more than two hundred have been seen and their orbits defined.

The dimensions of the comets have been ascertained by a process known as micrometric measurement. By this measurement the great Comet of 1811, supposed to move round the sun once in about three thousand years, had a head one million two hundred and seventy thousand miles in diameter, with a nucleus in the centre of about two thousand six hundred and forty miles in diameter, and a tail one hundred millions of miles in length. It is now very generally believed by astronomers that comets are composed of gaseous vapor, extremely thin and without any sensible weight. Stars have been seen shining through them with undiminished lustre, which a slight fog would entirely hide from view; and, if one of them should happen to strike the earth, it would be no more destructive to it than a jelly-fish to a Cunard steamer. Yet these harmless, vapory visitors are the divinely appointed agents, as some would fain have us believe, to destroy the world. The appearance of comets, from time immemorial, has been the occasion of much superstitious fear and the cause of much unhappiness.

The appearance of Halley's Comet in 1456, just as the Turks had become masters of Constantinople and threatened an advance into Europe, was regarded by the Christian world with a superstitious dread, and to the usual prayers of the Church was added the following: "Lord, save us from the devil, the Turk and the Comet." The appearance of nearly every Comet since has been attended with various rumors of approaching disaster, and even by some superstitious, ignorant and simple-minded persons, made the precursor of that day of final doom, of which "No man knoweth; no, not even the angels of heaven."

A MAN suddenly raised to fortune is like one that for the first time ascends a tower; his head turns, and those he sees below appear like so many dwarfs, and *beneath* his notice.

THE DIAMOND ROBBERY.

BY F. A. D.

In March, 1850, there arrived at Constantinople, by the Austrian Lloyd's steamer "Vorwarts," a nobleman, styling himself Count Steffano Perragi.

He took a suite of rooms at Mesirie's fashionable hotel in Pera; and, by his lavish style of living, soon became the centre of attraction. He said that he was a Colonel of the Austrian Imperial Guards, and a member of the Diet. He had come to Turkey on private Government affairs, and was furnished with numerous introductions to the different foreign ambassadors and merchant-princes.

A month after his arrival, he headed a subscription list with the sum of five thousand piastres, in aid "of Madame Sophie Cartenagg, the widow of the late Monsieur Cartenagg, formerly banker of Berlin, who, by the sudden death of her husband, found herself in a strange land, with her three young children, destitute of all support." In some such manner ran the heading of the subscription list.

Count Perragi humanely took upon himself the task of soliciting subscriptions; and, incredible as it may seem, collected the sum of five thousand pounds in about twenty days!

One morning, Perragi suddenly disappeared. Suspicions having arisen, the police authorities were instructed to find out Madame Cartenagg. But, alas for human credulity! the police swore, by the beard of Mohammed, that Madame was a myth, and the Crescent City knew her not! Done, by Jove! Done, to the tune of five thousand pounds! Thus ends the first act in this strange drama.

Now for the second act. Not far from the Cafe de Paris stands the shop of MM. Degranti Brothers, diamond brokers to his Imperial Majesty the Sultan. Opposite this extensive depot of precious stones stood the pharmacy of Doctor Jacob Valpass. Five minutes' walk from these two establishments stands the Hotel de l'Europe.

In the latter place, Madame Estelle Deorest and her sickly son Albert had hired a magnificent suite of rooms for the winter. She was a quiet, melancholy sort of a lady, of about thirty. All her thoughts seemed centred in her boy. But, oh! how surpassingly lovely she was! They say that the waiters at the Europe made quite a handsome thing out of her by allowing sundry "sparks" to peep at Madame through the keyhole, as she sat in her elegant morning costume at breakfast. She paid all her bills regularly, saw no visitors, and received no letters. So much for Madame.

M. Degranti, junior (the jeweler), was a rather fast young fellow, very rich, and very fond of horses. The elder brother, at this time, was absent in Paris.

Doctor Jacob Valpass was a man of thirty-two, and considered very clever. His father had left him some considerable property, but as he was passionately devoted to his profession he still continued in practice. We have now sufficiently described the four principal actors in the drama.

It was after ten o'clock one night, and Doctor Valpass sat in his study. A person requested to see him. A tall, deeply-veiled lady entered. Dr. Valpass politely offered her a chair, and asked her the nature of her business. With a deep sigh, she threw back her veil, and the doctor's weaker human half surveyed that dazzling beauty in bewilderment.

She told her story in a quiet, brief manner. She had an only son, on whom she doted passionately. He was subject to fits of monomania. And most extraordinary as it might seem, his desires lay in the fact that nothing but diamonds placed about him would satisfy his cravings. She had consulted the best medical men in Europe, and they prescribed change of scene. She had traveled a great deal, but without any salutary effect upon her boy. She had been advised to consult Doctor Valpass, and as her son had just recovered from one of these periodical fits, she earnestly requested him to visit her at the Hotel de l'Europe.

Doctor Valpass took charge of this curious case, and soon became very intimate with Madame Deorest. To be brief, poor Valpass fell deeply in love, and a month after their acquaintance he proposed to her, and was accepted. Thus stood matters in December, 1851, and so closes the second act.

The last scene opens on the 4th day of January, 1852. Doctor Valpass was putting on his gloves preparatory to entering his carriage, when he saw his affianced bride rushing madly towards him. He ran out and met her.

"What is the matter, Estelle?"

"Oh, he is worse! Oh, come to him! come to him!" cried the frantic mother.

"One moment; step into the carriage; I will be with you immediately."

He crossed over to the establishment of MM. Degranti.

"Let me have that diamond necklace, these bracelets, this brooch, and these rings. Quick, Degranti! Give me pen, ink and paper. Here is my note of hand for the articles. How much are they worth?"

"At a rough calculation, five millions of francs."

"Very well; here you are. Now, quick! Give me the jewels. I will bring them back by and by."

Ten minutes after, the Doctor and Madame reached the hotel, and found Albert in the arms of the domestics. The medical man took charge of the yelling boy, and dismissed the servants.

He drew forth his treasures, and placed them about the boy. It was wonderful! The boy danced with glee, clapped his hands, and gradually became pacified. He then slowly left the room, with downcast head. The enraptured mother flung herself into the arms of her savior, and, with tears in her beautiful eyes, thanked him from her heart. Then followed one long, delicious kiss, and the Doctor was in the seventh heaven of happiness! Madame excused herself for a moment, and left Valpass.

Half an hour elapsed; an hour; then the Doctor became fidgety. He approached the door; it was locked. For another hour did the Doctor remain quietly in the room; then a suspicion flashed like lightning across his brain. He thundered at the door, the servants came running up, the door was forced open, Madame's sleeping-room visited; but, lo! the birds had flown!

Two years after, Valpass received the following note:—

"I thank you for all your kindness.—And more so, because you were the victim! Kisses are dear; yet, *the only one that ever I sold* brought a fair price. It took us nearly two years to mature our plans. How well we had calculated on all things is manifest by our ultimate success. My husband, Count Steffano Perragi, desires to be remembered to all his dear friends at Constantinople, and hopes that this *second* surprise may be of some value to them. Your diamonds bought me five million francs. Adieu."

There was no signature or date.

And this was the last of the "Diamond Robbery." The thieves were never captured.

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU

☞ It is the intention to make this Department an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will necessarily contain many novel, instructive, and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

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Contributors are requested to write on only one side of the sheet, and to avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

TO GENERAL CORRESPONDENTS

MISS F. M. B. When a lady is making a morning call, and other visitors, strangers to her, are announced, it is not necessary that she should rise from her seat.

NELLIE B. H. We never countenance anything of a clandestine nature on the part of young ladies; and we therefore must say that we think your conduct has been highly imprudent.

G. W. B. A person born in England of American parents is, of course, American. Do you imagine that if you had happened to be born in China, for instance, of your American parents, you would have been a Chinese?

VENUS. "Can you tell what was the height of the famous statue of Venus de Medici? There has been quite a talk among us girls; so please put us at rest on the point." The statue is 4 feet 11¼ inches in height, and from the exquisite symmetry and grace of the figure, it has become a sort of standard of excellence for the female form.

J. B. H. Your own good sense ought surely to tell you, without having to ask us, how exceedingly wrong it is for a young lady to correspond with a married man, especially in a clandestine manner. Give up the correspondence at once, if you have the slightest regard for your good name and reputation, as, were it once discovered, the consequences to you would be most disastrous.

FORSAKEN. There is but one course for you to adopt, consistent with propriety, and your own proper sense of pride and self-respect ought also to suggest the same to you, namely, to discard the fickle young gentleman from your thoughts, and to avoid, as much as possible, the chance of meeting him. If you should happen to meet, you should meet him as a perfect stranger, of course, after what has happened.

FARMER'S WIFE. "Can you give me directions for skeletonizing leaves by the use of chemicals? I saw a receipt several years ago, but do not remember it now." Steep the leaves for weeks in rain-water, in a warm place, freely exposed to air; when nearly ready, add a small quantity of muriatic acid to it. A great deal of care is, however, required in picking out with needles the parts of the leaves that are not rotted away.

UNSOPHISTICATED. You must indeed be very unsophisticated, if you really think that man, that is, intelligent, sensible man, like women who are familiar and free in their manners better than they do those who are modest and retiring in their deportment. So far as laughing and talking, and spending, perhaps, an evening with occasionally, man may like the first kind; but when it comes to the choosing a wife, a man selects one whom he can respect and confide in—whom he can honor, love, and trust.

MILLIE, (New Brunswick.) If your hands have been exposed to the sun, a little lemon-juice will restore their whiteness for the time. Almond soap is an excellent thing to preserve the delicacy and whiteness of the hands. You might use the following pomade to rub your hands with on retiring to rest: Two ounces of sweet almonds, beat with three drachms of spermaceti, and put up carefully in rose-water. Gloves should always be worn on exposure to the atmosphere; that is, if you are as particular about your hands as we infer you are, from your letter.

CARRIE M. It would be an extremely difficult thing for us to tell you what you should give the gentleman to whom you are anxious to make a present. We will merely say that, in our opinion, gifts made by ladies to gentlemen should be of the most refined nature; not purchased, but deriving a value above price as emanating from their own skill or ingenuity—such as, for instance, a sketch from their pencil, or some production from their needle. Presents are only in value according to the estimation in which we hold the giver, and the manner in which they are bestowed.

S. E. M., (Peoria Ills.) You are evidently one of those young men who want to make money, but are too proud to put your hand to anything but, as you express it, "a nice trade." You don't seem to realize the difficulty with which money is made now-a-days, and think you have nothing to do but sit down and study law, and that then your fortune will be made. There is no use of your thinking of beginning the study of law, unless you can devote your entire time to it for at least three years; and to do this, you must have some private means wherewith to maintain yourself during that time.

SARAH JANE, (Juniettville.) Emperor William, of Germany, is of the House of Hohenzollern. 2d. You ask, "Who was the first King of Sweden?" Erich Edmundson, who belonged to the dynasty of the Skioldunger, which claimed to be descended from Skiold, son of Odin, who was the first who acquired the sovereignty of the whole of Sweden, about the end of the ninth century. Previous to this time, the country was inhabited by numerous tribes, kindred in origin, but politically separate. Two of these were prominent, the *Goths* in the south, and *Swedes* in the north. 3d. The French is, we think, the easiest of the modern languages to learn.

GUNNER. "Can you tell us what is the range at which shells can be thrown by the big guns, what are called the Woolwich Infants, which are now being manufactured in England; and are these the largest cannon England has?" The Woolwich Infants are only 35-ton guns; but England is now experimenting upon still heavier guns, the 80-ton guns, for the use of her navy. The length of these guns over all is 27 feet, the bore being 24 feet long. The calibre is 12 inches, 14 inches, 15 inches, and 16 inches, respectively. The maximum range at which shells can be thrown is said to be, for the 12-inch, 9,000 yards; 14-inch, 10,000 yards; 15-inch, 10,200 yards; 16-inch, 10,800 yards, or close upon six miles.

READER. "Do you know who was the author of the saying, 'Consistency, thou art a jewel?'" The source of this common and oft-quoted phrase has puzzled many a scholar, and we know not whether the following authority can be relied upon as the starting point, or as only using a borrowed idea. In a ballad, entitled "Jolly Robyn Roughhead," published in 1764, in a little volume of English and Scotch ballads, the poet bewails the extravagance in dress, which he considers the great enormity of his day, and makes Robyn thus address his wife:

"Tush, tush, my bessie! such thoughts resigne;
Comparisons are cruell,
Fine pictures suit to frames as fine,
Consistencie's a jewell!"

Y. M., (Prairieville, Texas.) To your first two questions, as to what it would cost you to learn book-keeping and telegraphy, and what length of time it would take, we can only say that it is utterly impossible for us to answer such queries. It depends altogether upon yourself; your capacity for learning—your previous education, and the application you give to the study. Your third question is as follows: "When a bridal couple walk out on the floor, is it proper for her to take his arm, or should they walk out unarmed (!)" We do not know exactly what "floor" you refer to; but, whatever it is, the bride should certainly take the groom's arm, and not walk "unarmed," which would never do at all. 4th. Your "frog and the plank" question is altogether too deep for us, and we give it up.

INQUIRER. "I have been wondering who were the Seven Sleepers, of whom I have heard the expression, 'It would awaken the Seven Sleepers.' As I know you can tell me, if you wish to do so, I come to you." Of course, we are always glad to give all the information in our power. The legend runs that seven noble youths of Ephesus, during the persecution of the Christians by Decius, a Roman Emperor of the third century, fled and took refuge in a cavern, and having been pursued and discovered, were walled in, and thus left to perish. They are said to have fallen asleep, and in that state were miraculously preserved for nearly two centuries, when their bodies, having been found in the cavern, were taken out and exposed to the veneration of the faithful. Then it was said these holy martyrs were not dead; that they had been hidden in the cavern, where they had fallen asleep, and they at last awoke, very much to the astonishment of the spectators.

A MOURNER. We perfectly agree with you in all you say regarding the kind of books most generally read by the majority of the persons using the libraries in our large cities. It is of no use to disguise the fact that a large percentage of the books taken out are works of fiction, and that those books most sought after are not even the best of novels. It is true that the popular taste for books is not what it ought to be, and that an immense amount of time is wasted in reading "trashy" books. Granted all this, we still do not allow that, because of this, you are right in debarring your son from reading works of fiction. Would you not rather have him read trashy novels even, than to have him spend his time in beer-saloons, in the streets, or even in worse places? There is always hope for a young man who reads any book whatever; but there is no hope for a young man who never reads at all. By constant reading, too, taste becomes cultivated, and the lower grade of books are gradually abandoned in favor of a higher.

W. A. McC., (Williamsport.) An echo is produced by the vibrations of the air meeting a hard and regular surface, such as a wall, a rock, or a mountain, and being reflected back to the ear, thus producing the same sound a second, and sometimes a third or fourth time. From this, of course, it is evident that no echo can be heard at sea, or on an extensive plain, because there is no object there to reflect the sound. An echo can only be heard when a person stands in such a situation as to hear both the original and the reflected sound. 2d. An eclipse of the moon does not have any effect whatever, that we ever read of, on the tides. 3d. Animal Magnetism, or Mesmerism, is a supposed influence or emanation by means of which one person can act on another, producing wonderful effects upon his body, and controlling even his actions and thoughts. It was fancied to have some analogy to the magnetism of the loadstone; hence its name. We could not begin to give you any information on this subject in the brief space here at our disposal, and must refer you to any Encyclopedia, where you can find the whole matter fully treated.

CLARENCE. "What is 'the sword of Damocles,' and what is the meaning of the phrase?" The origin of the phrase is as follows: About the year 400 B. C., the ancient city of Syracuse was ruled by Dionysius, commonly called "the tyrant;" but the Greeks applied this term to one who usurped any power, without regard to the manner in which he ruled. If he was mild and wise in exercising his power, they considered him as no less a tyrant. Among his courtiers was a man named Damocles, who fawned upon Dionysius, and seemed to be infatuated with the grandeur and pomp of royalty. He was continually speaking of the happiness which he thought was the constant portion of kings. To undeceive him, Dionysius prepared a magnificent feast for him, and surrounded him with all the luxury which a monarch could command. Damocles was delighted, but in the midst of his pleasure, happening to cast his eyes upward, he was horrified at the sight of a sharp sword suspended over his head by a single horsehair. He comprehended the meaning, which was, that the position of a usurper was by no means secure, but in continual danger of some impending calamity.

E. S. D., (Brooklyn.) "I should like to ask you what all this talk about the Transit of Venus means, what are to be the ultimate benefits to result from the American and other Expeditions, which have been fitted out to observe this 'transit of Venus,' as it is called. Please give me all the enlightenment you can on the subject." The transit of Venus across the disc of the sun will take place December 8, 1874, and is regarded by the scientific world as the most important astronomical event of the century. The observations of this transit of Venus will enable the mathematicians of the spheres to determine more accurately than ever before the sun's distance from the earth. Just now there is an uncertainty in this problem, measured by some three hundred thousand miles, and it is confidently believed that the result of these observations will be to reduce the uncertainty to at least one-third of its present figures. An accurate knowledge of the sun's distance from the earth is absolutely essential for the perfection of all lunar and planetary tables; and all these enter directly, as you doubtless know, into the science of navigation, and, through navigation, vanify and pervade the business interests of the world.

LILY. If your husband will dye his beard and mustaches, in spite of all you say, nothing that we can say, even were we disposed to agree with you, would have the slightest effect, we feel sure. But you ladies forget that Nature is not always gracious to us men in the matter of natural tint. Not only are we apt to grow bald and gray prematurely—whereas women almost never grow bald, and rarely, till past middle age, gray,—but the facial hair of men, in what shape it may come, whiskers, mustache, or beard, is apt to be endowed by Nature with some disappointing streaks of undesirable color. If a man's hair is chestnut, his beard and mustache are apt to display a subfuscous hue—a color sometimes termed gingery or foxey, but more nearly resembling the hue of a singed tortoise-shell tom-cat's back. If a man's hair be black, then gray hair are prone to obtrude themselves, especially on the chin. In short, you will seldom find that the facial hirsutum of a man comes up to the perfect color of his hair; and from this fact arises, in so many cases, the desire to improve the color by means of dyes. We have said so much, not to excuse your husband in particular, as, of course, we know nothing as to why he dyes, but as an answer to your somewhat severe remark as to dyeing "not being exclusively a feminine accomplishment."

SCHOOL-TEACHER, (Pennsylvania.) We wish we could give your letter here in full; but, as you do not wish it, we must, of course, comply with your desire. We cannot say we agree with you in your opinions regarding corporeal punishment in schools. There are very few cases where coaxing, or good words as encouragement, will not subdue a boy. Let scholars feel, and show that they feel, the meanness of insubordination in school, and their honest disapproval of the act in a comrade would have the influence of holding that boy in check; whereas, if he was flogged for the offence, he becomes at once a martyr and a hero, and all the offence is forgotten in the punishment; the spirit of insubordination is implanted, and the teacher loses all claims to the sympathy of his school. All other expedients should be tried, and the law of kindness practised, before the teacher has recourse to the rod. There was a worthy schoolmaster once, who had occasion to correct one of his pupils, named Johnny. Now, Johnny got sulky because he was so corrected, and the teacher, wishing to convince him that he was justly and unnecessarily punished, had recourse to the following arguments: "Suppose, Johnny, you were riding a horse to water, and had a switch in your hand; and all at once the horse were to stop and refuse to go any further; what would you do?" Johnny stilled his sobs for a moment, and looking up through his tears, replied: "I'd coax him, sir." "But, Johnny, suppose he wouldn't go for your coaxing, what would you do then?" "I'd get down and lead him, sir." "And what if he were obstinate, and wouldn't let you lead him?" "Why, I'd take off his bridle, and turn him loose, and walk home, sir." "You may take your seat, Johnny." Johnny's answers show that he had the right idea of the thing, and he could not be made to see the necessity for using the switch.

LOUISA, (Hillsdale, Mich.) "Anon" is not, as you apparently imagine, the name or the *nom de plume* of an author, but is simply an abbreviation of "Anonymous," which signifies "nameless." 2d. Lacunia was the name of the country of the Spartans or Lacedæmonians. We cannot conjecture what connection it can possibly have with the subject you refer to. 3d. A knot, in nautical language, is a division of the log line, serving to measure the rate of a vessel's motion. The number of knots which run off from the reel in half a minute show the number of miles the vessel sails in an hour. Hence, when a ship goes eight miles an hour, she is said to go eight knots an hour. 4th. You ask, "In what battle was 'Molly Stark!' the watchword?" The battle of Bennington, Vermont, fought August 16, 1777. Colonel John Stark, who commanded the "Green Mountain" militia, as soon as the firing had commenced, threw himself on horseback, and advanced at the head of his troops. As the enemy's columns were seen forming on the hill-side, he exclaimed, "See, men! there are the red-coats. We must beat to-day, or Molly Stark's a widow!" The troops replied to this appeal by a tremendous cheer for "Molly Stark," and the battle which ensued, as Stark states in his official report, "lasted two hours, and was the hottest I ever saw: it was like one continued clap of thunder." The bravery displayed by the militia, many of them fresh from the plow, and unused to the camp, has always been regarded with admiration. Stark received a vote of thanks from Congress, and was created a brigadier-general. 5th. "What was the 'Wilmot Proviso?'" On the 8th of August, 1846, near the close of the first session of the 29th Congress, pending the consideration of a bill before the House authorizing President Polk to use the sum of $3,000,000, if he deemed it expedient, in negotiating a treaty of peace with Mexico, David Wilmot, a Representative from Pennsylvania, moved to add the following amendment: "Provided, that, as an express and fundamental condition to the acquisition of any territory from the republic of Mexico by the United States, by virtue of any treaty which may be negotiated between them, and to the use by the executive of the moneys herein appropriated, neither slavery nor involuntary servitude shall ever exist in any part of said territory, except for crime, whereof the party shall first be duly convicted, *Provided always*, that any person escaping to such territory, from whom labor or service is lawfully claimed in any one of the United States, such fugitive may be lawfully reclaimed, and conveyed out of said territory to the person claiming his or her labor or service." This was the famous "Wilmot Proviso," which created profound agitation throughout the country. The bill, as amended, passed the House, and on the last day of the session was sent to the Senate; but no action was taken by the latter body, and it was lost. At the next session "the three million bill" became a law, without the "proviso." 6th. Your sixth interrogatory we are unable to answer with certainty, but believe it was the name of a militia company located at Pittsburg, Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS.—C. L. B. There is such an institution, we are aware; but we decline pronouncing on its reliability or otherwise.—E. J. L. You are acting quite right, and as becomes an honorable young man.—WILLIAM S. If you will write out your case more fully, we will for once break through our rules and answer you by mail, if you will send us a stamped and addressed envelope.—J. B. W. If you will be advised by us, you will have nothing whatever to do with the lottery in question.—FANNY C. It is an absurd superstition that "the gift of a penknife cuts love."—J. E. B. We can form no idea of the value of the coin. You must submit it to some dealer in such curiosities.—J. F. L. It is not probable that at nineteen you will grow any more, but nobody can tell for certain.—SCHOLARUS. The prices paid to authors vary, of course, according to the reputation and standing of the authors themselves.—G. P. D. Take plenty of exercise to promote a healthy condition of the blood. It is proper to use soap for the face.—D. T. K. Too much flourishing about your handwriting.

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